

THE LIVING AGE.

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PERSONALIA: POLITICAL, SOCIAL AND VARIOUS.

III. THE CHURCH.

My earliest glimpse of lawn sleeves was in St. James's Church, Piccadilly, where, as a small child, I remember seeing a burly, bald-headed old divine gesticulating in the pulpit to the accompaniment of a somewhat resonant discourse, which to me, of course, at that tender age merely amounted to "vox et præterea nihil"! This imposing-looking preacher was no other than Dr. Blomfield, Bishop of London, a prelate of considerable vogue in his day, though at present almost forgotten, except, perhaps, as the dedicatee of one of Cobbett's most trenchant diatribes, and name-giver to half-a-dozen of the dreariest terraces in Paddington. My acquaintance with Fulham Palace began under his successor's reign, but I shall always cherish one tradition of the Blomfield days, which, lest it be left unrecorded in the annals of the episcopal edifice, I will venture to set forth in these pages. The composition of the Bishop's domestic circle was plentiful, but a trifle complex. He married twice, and in both unions had been blessed with progeny, while his second wife

was a widow, who, besides supplementing her second husband's family, had imported an independent brood of her own. In my experience, the children of ecclesiastics do not, even under normal conditions, always exemplify the Christian unity so solemnly enjoined from the parental pulpit, and with such a blend as that which I have just denoted, it is scarcely surprising that unruffled peace was not invariably present under the Bishop's roof. On one occasion when an unequal battle was raging fast and furious among the miscellaneous offspring, the Bishop was disturbed in his study by the impetuous entrance of his lady. "What is it, my dear?" he inquired with ill-concealed testiness. "Oh, Bishop," she replied in agonized accents, "quick, quick, there's not a moment to lose! Your children are siding with my children, and are murdering our children!" I never saw the late Admiral Blomfield, or his brother, the church architect, each as peaceful-looking an old gentleman as ever ambled along Pall Mall, without wondering what part they took in that famous fray, and my decorous recollection of their Right Reverend parent is

always slightly marred by a whimsical vision of him sallying forth from his sanctum with a disordered apron, and administering indiscriminate chastisement with a "Cruden's Concordance"!

Dr. Blomfield was the only Bishop of those days who did not relinquish his mitre simultaneously with his life, excepting, by the way, poor Dr. Hinds, a highly respected prelate whom a clandestine marriage at a cockney watering-place rather unnecessarily forced into premature retirement. Such, at least, was the opinion of Lord Palmerston, who never liked to see a good man "go under" on account of a feminine entanglement; but more modern prejudices were allowed to prevail, and Palmerston, sighing for the halcyon days when such *bagatelles* were accounted nothing derogatory in a pillar of the Church, had reluctantly to accept the susceptible Prelate's resignation.

But to return to Fulham and its occupants. On Dr. Blomfield's retirement (to avoid misconception, let it at once be said on account of ill-health), his See was offered to Dr. Tait, then Dean of Carlisle, a successful college tutor, a less successful headmaster, and by no means a pre-eminent Dean, who, it was said, would never have become a Bishop but for the sympathy felt for him in high quarters on account of a peculiarly distressing family bereavement. Yet, in spite of this not very significant record, Tait at once rose to the situation, and proved himself, not only in London but at Canterbury, an ecclesiastical ruler of the highest capacity. My experience of him was by no means official, but merely arose from my having been at a preparatory school with his son, poor Craufurd Tait, which led to my receiving occasional invitations to the palace for juvenile parties and cricket-matches. On these occasions the kind-

liness and geniality of the Bishop were especially conspicuous. He had a cordial word and a pleasant smile for every one of his young guests, particularly the public school section of them, and would act as prompter at theatricals or scorer at cricket with as much zest and as little ceremony as if he were once more a schoolboy himself. There was not a touch of the forced affability of "Grand Seigneur" condescension which on such occasions so often characterizes the spiritual bigwig: quite simply, and yet without the smallest loss of dignity, he entered into the mirth and gaiety of the moment, genuinely enjoying the enjoyment of those around him. Seldom, indeed, is a great personage so gifted with the faculty of setting "the young idea" at ease as was the tactful, mellow-hearted Bishop.

I remember one particularly pleasant instance. Craufurd Tait used to beg for an occasional scamper with the harriers, and had asked me, then passing the holidays a few miles off, to let him know when a certain private pack happened to have a fixture within reach. Accordingly, getting news early one morning of a meet that day within practicable distance, I "footed it" off to Fulham to inform young Tait, holding my pony in reserve for later use. To my consternation, as the hall-door opened I was confronted by the whole Episcopal party advancing towards the chapel, the Bishop at its head! This was the last thing I had bargained for, and I was about to execute a hasty retreat when the Bishop's good-humored voice saluted me with: "Well, my boy, I'm glad to see you; but why this early visit?" "I only came to tell Craufurd," I blurted out, "that the harriers meet at —." With a humorous twinkle, and placing his hand reassuringly on my shoulder, the kindly old fellow interrupted: "Hadn't you better come into chapel

now, and tell us about the harriers over some breakfast afterwards?" Rather ruefully I consented to go into chapel, but begged to be excused the breakfast, darting off after service with an alacrity which seemed greatly to amuse my episcopal captor.

I was relating this experience to an old country clergyman whom I became acquainted with some years ago, and he capped it with another instance of the Bishop's graceful kindness. My old friend had been in his day Fellow and Tutor of a famous Oxford College, but his University distinctions, as is too often the case, had failed to procure him ecclesiastical advancement, and when I met him he was the rather embittered incumbent of a dull College living in a neighborhood where his ability and scholarship were very little appreciated. A year or so before I made his acquaintance a new church had to be consecrated in his district, and Dr. Tait, who had then become Primate, had promised to perform the ceremony, which was to be followed by a great luncheon-party of local magnates in the Archbishop's honor. At this luncheon my friend happened to sit next a rather thick-headed and exceedingly consequential Squire, who was by way of treating him somewhat cavalierly, while one or two places off was seated the Archbishop. The old clergyman, who resented being thus rated as a negligible quantity, determined to impress his "off-hand" neighbor by speaking of the Primate in a manner that implied some sort of previous acquaintance, a pretension which the Squire greeted with disdainful incredulity. "And where," he exclaimed, raising his voice with a decidedly "superior" inflection, "were you so fortunate as to make his Grace's acquaintance?"

"At Oxford, of course," replied the clergyman, rather irascibly.

"At Oxford? Indeed?" rejoined the

Squire, still more contemptuously. "Ah well, although you may remember the Archbishop, I am afraid it is hardly likely that his Grace will remember you!"

Before the affronted clergyman could retort, the Archbishop, who had overheard the remark, bent forward from his chair and said to the Squire with impressive emphasis: "On the contrary, I can assure you that any one who, as I did, enjoyed the privilege of examining Mr. — for his Fellowship, would find it exceedingly difficult to forget him." The Squire's condescension promptly shrunk into sheepishness, and the delighted clergyman held his head several inches higher for the rest of the afternoon.

My impressions of Mrs. Tait were not so favorable. She struck me as possessing more than one of the less attractive characteristics of a headmaster's wife. Perhaps I was unduly prejudiced by the fact that, although I was then in the Fifth Form at Harrow, she insisted on addressing me by my name *tout court*, merely prefixed by the unflattering adjective of "little"! Her invitation, too, had the unpleasant ring of a command. "Little S., you will remain to dinner"—a behest which, conveyed to me as it was one day from an open window, at a moment when I was endeavoring to mix on equal terms with some older boys, was particularly incensing! Aflame with offended dignity, I haughtily replied that I was afraid I was engaged, and stalked off to the stables for my pony, almost to the consternation of the obsequious domestic chaplain.

Perhaps, however, my worst moment with Mrs. Tait was one evening when I arrived at a juvenile party somewhat too punctually, and on being ushered into the drawing-room found the formidable Palace *châtelaine* its sole occupant. A more terrible five minutes

I have never been fated to pass, Jowett *tête-à-tête* with a freshman could not have been more appalling! In vain I ventured upon meteorological banalities: the majestic personage remained severely monosyllabic. At last, in desperation, I made a frantic resort to the *argumentum ad feminam*. Confronting me on the wall was a rather florid portrait of my hostess, from, I think, the brush of Mr. Sant, R.A. "What a beautiful portrait that is!" I murmured faintly. The great lady smiled condescending assent. "*Is it meant for you?*" I fatuously proceeded, emboldened by her tacit encouragement. What crushing reply was forming itself on those august lips I cannot say; for luckily at that moment other guests were announced, and I stole off, horror-struck at my *gaucherie*, to a distant part of the room. But if Mrs. Tait was a little exalted by her aggrandizement (*tête monté* was a *sobriquet* I heard applied to her by a caustic ecclesiastic) she had no doubt many excellent qualities for the wife of a diocesan, and was of real service to her husband both at Fulham and at Lambeth.

Dr. Tait's successor in the See of London, Dr. Jackson, was an old friend of my family when rector of St. James's, Piccadilly. He was an able and dignified prelate (a "first-class" man, by the way, of Lord Canning's year) who commanded respect, if not popularity, both in his former diocese of Lincoln and in London. In Lincolnshire he succeeded an easy-going bishop of the old school, who had allowed things to drift after the fashion of his predecessors till the spiritual condition of that essentially sporting county had become decidedly chaotic. Jackson came into the diocese determined to place things on a more modern footing; but he found his work cut out for him. Many of his clergy resented interference from a chief whose seat

upon a horse was decidedly open to criticism, and I remember the Bishop himself telling me with a grim smile that down to the last days of his Lincoln episcopate he felt certain that he was secretly credited with shooting foxes! One of his most famous sporting parsons was Squire King, the owner of "Apology," a mare who won the Oaks; but that, I think, took place in the more recent days of Bishop Wordsworth, when Squire King ran horses under the pseudonym of "Mr. Laund," a practice to which Dr. Wordsworth not unnaturally demurred, much to the parson's indignation.

Early in Dr. Jackson's episcopate he and several other *laissez aller* divines were bidden to set their houses, or rather their churches, in order, and to prepare for confirmations and other ceremonials which had for years been almost a dead letter. Squire King received this mandate with mingled disgust and consternation: however, there was no help for it, and with the assistance of a brother rector, also of sporting proclivities, he proceeded to rub up his rusty ecclesiastical acquirements in preparation for the Bishop's dreaded and, from his point of view, quite uncalled-for incursion. On the eventful confirmation day the candidates were all duly assembled in the church, and Squire King, supported by his "fidus Achates," stood properly cassocked, in punctilious readiness for his diocesan, who on entering proceeded up the chancel in order to take up his post at the altar. On reaching, however, the communion-rail, and attempting to open the wicket, the Bishop found it absolutely unnegotiable, the fact being that it had not been opened for years! The situation was too much for the aggrieved rector: putting up his hand to his mouth, he said to his supporter in a resounding whisper, "*He'll have to take to the timber, Tom!*" then leisurely proceeded to tug

at the offending wicket, which finally creaked open, though not before the scene had perilously verged on the comic, much to the scandal of the reforming prelate!

But, perhaps, one Parson Dymoke (either the Champion, or a member of his family) carried off the palm for clerical "inertia." Some years ago I took in to dinner the daughter of the Parson's successor, and she told me the following amazing story: Her father on going down to reconnoitre his new living was received by the parish clerk, an extremely old man, who seemed on the brink of second childhood, and from whom he had the greatest difficulty in gleanng any information. After plying the parish Nestor with very little effect for some time, the new rector took his departure for the station, but he had not gone many steps when he heard a feeble cracked old voice quavering after him: "Maister, maister, there be one more thing I wornts particler to axe yer." "Well, what is it?" responded the rector. "I wornts to know whether when you comes, sir, you intends to take the baptisms or shall ol?"

The rector at once set the poor old clerk down as hopelessly daft, and replied in a half-soothing tone, "Come, come, my man; I shall take them, of course."

"As you will, sir," rejoined the old man; "I only axed, because in old Sir Enery's time *I alters did the baptisms.*"

Clergymen are not as a rule over accommodating as fellow travellers, and my first experience of Norway was somewhat embittered by the methods of a rural dean who had come to Norway in search of health, though he was certainly the most vigorous and voracious invalid I ever beheld! It was a woeful thing to be anticipated at meals by the reverend gentleman at any "station" where the commissar-

lat was limited. Claiming, apparently, "benefit of clergy," he invariably swept the board, watching with malign exuberance the crestfallen faces of the hungry fellow-travellers he had contrived to forestall. In addition to this invidious practice, the holy man was gifted with the most offensive faculty of self-assertion and contradiction that I ever experienced even among members of his privileged calling, to say nothing of foisting upon us an inexhaustible flow of the stalest anecdotes, of which he not infrequently would pose as the hero. One of them was, I recollect, recounted as an illustration of the readiness of some people to take offence, and was told by him in the following form: "I occasionally like to have a look at the hounds, and one day in the hunting season, as I was seated on my cob at the coverside, chatting with a group of sporting parishioners, one of them, a singularly conceited and at the same time empty-headed individual, began to lament that while no one around him was afflicted with a single gray hair, his whiskers were already quite grizzled, though his head had curiously not changed color. 'Don't you know the reason, you idiot?' I said; 'you use your jaws so much and your brains so little!' Instead," he continued, "of the fellow joining in the laugh at my harmless pleasantry, would you believe it, he actually never spoke to me again!" This was all very well, but a few months later I came across "his harmless pleasantry" in some jest-book I was turning over in a dentist's waiting-room!

With reference to personal jokes I have more than once found that a man resents a joke against his property, particularly his horses, even more than one against himself. For instance, I have never been forgiven by a country friend of mine who was extremely proud of a hunter whose

knees, to my impartial eye, distinctly suggested occasional contact with mother earth. "What do you call him?" I inquired, by way of avoiding the delicate subject of the animal's merits. "Confessor," was the reply. "Confessor," I ruthlessly rejoined; "not, I hope, because he is so often on his knees?" I was not asked to prolong my visit at that country-house, nor have I ever been invited to renew it. Again, a late noble lord never quite recovered the retort of a hunting friend whom he had asked to look at some horses of his that were on view at Tattersall's. "Well, did you see my horses?" inquired the owner. "No," rejoined his friend, "but I heard them!"

But to return to my travelling companion. One of his party was an amiable and really invalided brother, utterly unlike him in appearance, thin, pale, and subdued, whom he treated with a deplorable lack of consideration. On one occasion, when, owing to the parson's overweening confidence in his own powers as an amateur Mr. Cook, only one cariole was procurable among the three, the clergyman insisted on monopolizing it during a hilly stage of quite a dozen miles, at the end of which his unfortunate brother came staggering in more dead than alive, while the parson drove up in his cariole, serene and rosy, and as fresh as when he started.

"I am afraid you are rather done up," I sympathetically remarked to the unhappy brother. "That fellow will be the death of me," he gasped, looking with rueful pallor at his burly oppressor. "Oh, nonsense," laughed the latter with rollicking gusto; "do you all the good in the world, my dear chap; but as for me," he continued, suddenly lapsing into solemnity, "even a quarter of a mile over rough ground would most probably prove fatal to me. I have never had the proper use of my

limbs since I caught a kind of plague at the funeral of a pauper parishioner. But," he added, unctuously upturning his beady little eyes, "it is the will of God; I do not murmur!" When I read of the death of the much-put-upon brother less than a year afterwards, I wondered how much longer his life would have been spared had he refrained from accompanying his "stricken relative" on a tour of health!

One of our party on this particular route was an easy-going, amiable American who had decided to accompany us to Bergen, and thence home. One morning, however, before it was light he entered our room and intimated his intention of not proceeding any farther. "But," we urged, "you'll have to retrace your steps at least two hundred miles, and alone." "I can't help that," he replied dismally; "I would retrace them even if it were to the North Pole, to get quit of that parson! If I journey another twenty-four hours with him, there'll be murder! It's bad enough to be bilked of one's food, but when, in addition, he jumps down your throat at every word you say, and bosses the show as if the whole country belonged to him, darn me, if I can put up with it any longer!" And back he went. At Bergen, however, the parson met his match. He undertook to enlighten the table at dinner on the origin and ethics of national costume in the various countries of Europe. "In Switzerland," he declared, his capacious mouth stuffed with cranberry tart—"In Switzerland the national attire is nearly always black, in consequence of the austere temperament of the inhabitants." "Nonsense, sir," interrupted a wall-eyed man who sat near, laying down his spoon and fork. "Did you say 'nonsense,' sir?" rejoined the parson, with a kind of turkey-cock gobble. "I did, sir," rejoined the wall-eyed man, "and I repeat it. What you said was sheer

nonsense." "I am sure my young friend here," retorted the clerical tyrant, eyeing me rather solicitously, "will agree with me that the mental characteristics of a nation have no small influence on its costume." "Rubbish, sir," contemptuously rejoined the wall-eyed man; "I am sure that these young gentlemen will agree to no such thing, and I am surprised that a person of some education, as you presumably are, should commit yourself to such an absurdity." "I think," said the parson, with an air of seraphic superiority, as we maintained a delighted silence—"I think that if there is no other course, I will go and look at the newspapers." "I hate parsons," observed the wall-eyed man triumphantly as the door closed on his vanquished foe. "Besides, that fellow got helped first to everything, and left nothing for anybody else;" a complaint which, after three weeks' experience, we knew to be only too well founded!

The old race of parsons is not, even now, altogether extinct. I knew of one, still I believe the vicar of a remote hamlet in one of the southern counties, who would go any distance for a good dinner, but stirring from his fireside and tumbler of toddy to dispense spiritual consolation to a poor parishioner, even only a mile distant, was quite another matter. On one occasion a neighboring resident, not much given to hospitality, sent for him to administer the Communion to his valet, a Swiss Protestant, who was lying at the point of death. It was a cold night, and though the parson had only to cross two or three fields, he ignored the summons in favor of the more pressing claims of a pipe and whisky-and-water. In the course of the night the poor Swiss died, and his master, very properly indignant, repaired the next morning to the vicarage to remonstrate with the negligent

pastor. "You must pardon me for saying," he remarked, as the vicar received his indignant remonstrances with easy nonchalance, "that in my opinion you have incurred a very great responsibility in neglecting to administer the last rites of the Church to a dying man." "Pooh! pooh!" testily retorted the man of God; "one can't be at everybody's beck and call after dinner on a winter's night. Besides," he added contemptuously, "the fellow was, after all, only a *damned Frenchman*!" Not long after this he fell out on some parish question with the lord of the manor, whose son and heir, a squireen who divided his time between field-sports and the whisky-bottle, so provoked the reverend gentleman, at a village meeting, that the latter, much to the admiration of his sporting parishioners, proceeded to tweak his opponent's nose, to the accompaniment of highly unclerical language! Retaliatory measures ensued with such energy that eventually magisterial intervention was invoked at the county town, when the reverend gentleman was bound over to keep the peace for six months, much to the disgust of the squireen, who had hoped, at least, for a heavy fine, and paraded the marketplace proclaiming that through the Bench might let the parson off, there was another tribunal that would deal with him less leniently. "I'll put the Bishop on to 'im," he vociferated with a vengeful flick of his thong, very much as he might threaten to set a terrier on to a rat—"I'll put the Bishop on to 'im, that's what I'll do." But the Bishop was more unreasonable even than the magistrates, much to the triumph of the militant parson, and the feud continued with unabated bitterness till one winter's afternoon the young squire's favorite black mare galloped up the manor house avenue with an empty saddle, her owner having started home from some neighbor-

ing carouse with a loose rein and an unsteady hand on what proved to be his last ride. Poor fellow! both he and his vicar had come into the world a century too late. They would have made admirable studies for the pen of Henry Fielding!

But to revert to the princes of the Church. About thirty years ago I spent a week-end at Farnham, and on the Sunday morning, a little before the eleven o'clock service, encountered on the outskirts of the town a stately looking old fashioned chariot which was slowly rumbling behind a pair of sleek horses towards the church, from the direction of the Castle. Leaning back in the chariot was a venerable figure with the episcopal cast of countenance with which one is familiar in the Georgian prints, courtly, dignified, and supremely composed. I inquired of a passer-by if he could tell me who the occupant of the carriage was, and ascertained that it was no other than "the ould Bishop Sumner, the Bishop of Winchester as was." What a world of associations the name called up! I was at once taken back half a century to the epalaustic days of King George the Fourth, and his obese charmer, the Marchioness of Conyngham, who was the founder of the fortunes of the irreproachable old prelate of whom I had just caught a fleeting glimpse!

Lady Conyngham, who, albeit a royal siren, was not indifferent to her duties as the mother of a future marquis, had been at considerable pains to discover a suitable bear-leader for her eldest son, the Earl of Mountcharles, who was about to make the indispensable "grand tour," and she finally fixed on a young clergyman, by name Sumner, of no particular family or connections, but strongly recommended on account of his excellent character and qualities. The Earl and his custodian accordingly departed on their travels; the latter having par-

ticular instructions in case of illness or any untoward occurrence to communicate at once with the Marchioness by means of a special courier. As ill luck would have it, an awkward incident occurred quite early in the tour; for during a short stay at Geneva the callow young nobleman fell desperately in love with a pretty Swiss girl, the daughter of a well-to-do resident, who, however, was wholly out of the question as father-in-law to an embryo marquis. The young clergyman exerted all his powers of persuasion, but to no purpose; affairs began to look ominous, and he accordingly secretly despatched a letter to the Marchioness, explaining the situation and asking for instructions, by special courier, who was ordered to travel night and day. The messenger arrived at Brighton in hot haste and delivered his missive, which was naturally read by the Marchioness with feelings of the direst consternation. However, she swiftly decided on her course of action, and indited a reply, which was intrusted to the courier, with instructions to speed back to Geneva as fast as he had come. In the meantime the young Earl's devotion had grown daily more ardent, and his tutor awaited the return of the courier with feverish anxiety. At last the long-looked-for answer arrived. The distracted clergyman tore open the letter and eagerly scanned the contents. The instructions were terse and terribly to the point. They contained only three words, "Marry her yourself." This was a surprise indeed, and not altogether a pleasant one; but Mr. Sumner was a far-seeing young divine, and after a brief consideration of all the circumstances, present and future, he made up his mind to obey, and before the end of the week the fascinating young Swiss lady had become Mrs. Sumner, and before the end of the year the accommodating bear-lead-

er had become Canon of Windsor, with the certain prospect of a mitre!

The mention of Lady Conyngham recalls another clergyman, who in consummate obsequiousness even surpassed the famous Court Chaplain of Louis XIV. This worthy, who was suffering from an insufficiency of ecclesiastical loaves and fishes, contrived to gain admission to the Pavillon Chapel pulpit on some occasion when the king was in residence at Brighton in company with Lady Conyngham. His sermon was, needless to say, one of those jumbles of doctrinal platitudes and profuse flattery which mostly characterized the royal preachers of that day. But familiarity is apt to breed contempt, even for adulation, and, finding the king's attention beginning to wander, the preacher made an attempt to recapture it with a sentence that is assuredly unsurpassed in the annals of clerical subservience. "When," he proceeded, upturning his eyes sanctimoniously to the chapel ceiling—"When we think of the heavenly mansions"—then suddenly pausing, he inclined his gaze to the royal pew and interposed apologetically, "or, I should say, the heavenly *pavilions*!" History does not record the subsequent career of this holy man; but if he failed to profit by this superlative interjection, the ingratitude of princes deserves even stronger reprehension than it has hitherto incurred.

In refreshing contrast to this incident is one recorded of Lord Thurlow in reference to another Brighton sermon. He was walking on the Steyne with the Prince of Wales when they were met by the Bishop of St. 'saph, an unctuous prelate, who at once besought the royal attendance for his sermon on the following Sunday. Assent was graciously accorded, and, flushed with his success, the Bishop incautiously turned to Lord Thurlow and expressed a hope that he would

also honor him with his presence.

"No," growled the savage old lord, who affected religion but little, and bishops still less; "I hear enough of your damned nonsense in the House of Lords where I can answer you, and it's not likely I'm going to listen to it in church where I can't!"

But the present day has been able to produce an example of clerical time-serving which will bear comparison with any recorded of the eighteenth century. It is narrated in one of the published letters of the late Dean Merivale, and as it has been curiously overlooked by the majority of readers, I venture to reproduce it here. The Dean relates that, although not much given to using "special" prayers in the cathedral services, he made an exception at the time when General Gordon's life was hanging on a thread, and conceiving that there could be no possible objection, took the step without consulting any of his Chapter. On the following day, however, he received an indignant protest from one of the Canons, who complained that if the fact came to Mr. Gladstone's ears it might have a very prejudicial effect on the promotion of himself and his colleagues! So shocking an instance of calculating worldliness on the part of a so-called "servant of God" is probably unique! It places even Samuel Wilberforce on a pinnacle, though that versatile prelate's diary discloses a degree of mundane ambition, to say nothing of envy, hatred, and uncharitableness, which is far from edifying reading. His lordship's admirers were greatly disturbed at the manner in which the diaries were edited, or rather unedited, and one of them, the late Lord Granville (who was riding with the Bishop when he met with his fatal accident), remonstrated with Mr. Reginald Wilberforce on his injudicious way of dealing with his father's Journals. "You must par-

don me," he said, "for remarking that by quoting so indiscriminately from your father's diaries, you have done his memory a very great injustice." "Oh," the Bishop's uncompunctious first-born is said to have replied, "If your lordship only knew what I have left out!" The innuendo (filial piety is not always a strong point with the offspring of spiritual celebrities) was probably well enough founded, for the Bishop was credited with many unrepeatable witticisms and anecdotes, certain of which may have found a place in his diary. He was, in truth, more a political ecclesiastic of the Talleyrand type than an English nineteenth-century Bishop; and had he been a Frenchman in the pre-Revolution days he would probably, like Talleyrand, have abjured the episcopal purple for a Minister's portfolio. His wit and eloquence were undeniable, but he had qualities which enabled him to adapt himself to any company. When I was a small boy I chanced to stay with my parents at a country house near Romsey, where Bishop Wilberforce and Dean Hook had just preceded us as guests, and I remember the following riddles were circulated as having been propounded by the Bishop to the young ladies of the house after dinner. The first he had asked in a tone of simulated solemnity which put his fair friends entirely off the scent,—*"What does the Sun in his glory say to the Rose in her bashfulness?"* Every sort of poetical solution was suggested, but in vain, and at last the Bishop, suddenly changing his voice, supplied the banal answer, *"You be blowed!"* The next riddle involved his fellow-guest, Dr. Hook, and was again addressed to the young ladies,—*"What articles of feminine attire do a couple of Church dignitaries now present typify?"* Again the problem, after innumerable guesses, was given up, and the Bishop

chucklingly solved it with the following answer, *"Hook and Eye (I)."* I think it was after this very visit that he proceeded to pay that memorable one to Lord Palmerston at Broadlands, in the course of which the distinguished pair bandied couplets so felicitously out of Tate and Brady! By repeating the incident I shall probably incur the charge of "chestnutting," but as it is not so well known as many of the Wilberforce stories, I will venture to narrate it for the benefit of the uninitiated. Palmerston and the Bishop were not particularly fond of one another (indeed the Bishop's animosity against Palmerston as a supposed "spoker of his wheel" was at times sadly unchristian!), but the tolerant old Minister could, on occasion, put up with even a virulent Churchman, provided he was witty, and the Bishop was accordingly invited to spend a week-end at the well-known Hampshire seat. On the Sunday the weather looked threatening, and Palmerston proposed that they should drive to church. Wilberforce, however, insisted that it would not rain, and preferred to walk, while his host expressed his intention of driving. Accordingly the Bishop started on foot, and after a few minutes, sure enough, down came the rain. When it had settled into a steady downpour, Palmerston's brougham came up, and Pam, putting his head out of the window, exclaimed, with rogulsh triumph—

How blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk.

The Bishop, however, was equal to him, for he instantly retorted—

Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk.

Any one who saw "Soapy Sam" in the saddle could not have been greatly surprised to hear of his fatal fall. He had an essentially bad seat, and was

given to ride with a loose, uneven rein which, when a horse is cantering downhill over rough ground, naturally invites disaster. I used often to wonder that more episcopal necks were not broken when I beheld the "Black Brigade" taking their exercise in the evening "Row," a function, alas! long since fallen into desuetude. One evening as I was walking in the Row with an old Harrow friend, R. B. Place of the Horse Artillery, Wilberforce and one or two other Bishops passed us mounted on particularly clever-looking cobs, while immediately after them came a procession of Semitic financiers, also excellently horsed. "Why, the Jews and the Bishops are better mounted than any one in the Row!" I remarked. "How do they manage to pick up such good-looking hacks?" "Oh, *by hook or by crook*," replied Place, with a significant glance at the nasal conformation of one of the Hebrew Cresuses. Place, by the way, was the gayest and most promising of "gunners," who, had he lived, would assuredly have done signal credit to his old school, to which he was devotedly attached. He died quite early in India of cholera; but so remarkable an appreciation did his commanding officer write home of him that, although he had not fallen in action, Dr. Butler (who read the letter to the Sixth Form) made an exception in his case, and sanctioned the erection of a memorial to him in the school chapel. Place, though the keenest of soldiers, had also great literary gifts, and was, I believe, one of the very few capable of writing a sympathetic and discriminating memoir of Shelley, to which at the time of his death he was devoting all his leisure. To see him at a supper of "The Windsor Strollers," or chaffing old schoolfellows at Lord's, or riding awkward customers in the regimental races, one would never have suspected the existence of

this deeper vein; but, in the opinion of those who were competent to form a correct judgment, his fragmentary work revealed the highest promise, and Shelley literature is unquestionably the poorer by his premature death.

But to return to Wilberforce. Much has been said about his successful encounters with Lord Westbury; but on the whole it was generally considered that the Chancellor did not get the worst of it, while the castigation which the Bishop received from Huxley would have humbled a less arrogant man for the remainder of his life. He had, in truth, very little of the intellectual pure metal which certain of his partisans claimed for him, being far more an example of that "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal" which arrest the ear but fail to convince the mind. The unerring perception of the Prince Consort soon rated Wilberforce at his proper level, and it was the prejudice against him which the Prince created in the mind of Queen Victoria that saved England the indignity, if not the scandal, of having this supple and self-seeking ecclesiastic placed at the head of the Church. Some of his defects were probably hereditary; for his father, the "obscure and plebeian Wilberforce" (as Lord Rosebery has correctly but cruelly described him), though possessing many estimable qualities, was undoubtedly something of a humbug. I shall never forget the shock with which I read in William Jerdan's Autobiography of the astonishing discovery made by Jerdan in taking over some house in Brompton which old Wilberforce was relinquishing. Wilberforce asked Jerdan as a favor to allow him a little time for the removal of his wine, which it was inconvenient to transfer at the expiration of his tenancy. Jerdan was a little surprised that so fervent an apostle of temperance should pollute his house with any wine at all; but his

surprise developed into sheer amazement when, on the cellar being emptied later on, he beheld the choicest and most varied collection of vintages it had ever been his fortune to set eyes on. This, and the disenchantment occasioned by Wilberforce's authentic last words: "I think I could eat another slice of that veal-ple," have, perhaps unreasonably, not a little impaired my veneration for the emancipator of the blacks, and the would-be reclaimers of Richard Brinsley Sheridan!

The famous "Imaginary Conversations" of Walter Savage Landor would be difficult to imitate, but Mr. W. H. Mallock or Mr. Andrew Lang might attempt an effective "modern series," in which a conversation between Dr. Samuel Wilberforce and Professor Benjamin Jowett could be made supremely attractive! Had Wilberforce lived rather longer he would probably have been found, like many another of Jowett's former persecutors, partaking of the cosmopolitan hospitality for which the heretical Professor was so famous. Somebody wittily observed that in his eagerness to entertain lions, Jowett welcomed even those that had done their best to tear him to pieces; and once Master of Balliol, in appearance at all events, he sank any resentment he may have felt against Tait and others of his spiritual arraigners.

Much has been written about him since his death, notably by his accredited biographers, Messrs. Abbot and Campbell, but I venture to think not always judiciously. His conversation and correspondence have assuredly received scant justice, and if the world had been favored with more of his *mots* and fewer of his letters to "pet" ladies,—compositions characterized by the fervor, without the compensating quality, of William Cowper,—the Master would have been more easily recognized by his former friends and

pupils. Neither have the attempts of his biographers to explain his attitude in religious matters been particularly fortunate. It was, in truth, quite as nebulous as that of Frederick Maurice, while his sermons, even in Westminster Abbey, were little more than Socratic lectures, sandwiched between a couple of collects. But whatever his faith, he was inherently a great and, on the whole, a just ruler, who devoted not only all his energies, but a large portion of his means, to promoting the welfare and fame of his college. If he had a failing, worthy of the name, it was a weakness for those born in the purple, which was in some degree accounted for by his own rather humble origin; but this was more than redeemed by the strong and unfaltering friendship which he always displayed to genius in whatever station of life.

If Jowett had once satisfied himself that a man was worth backing there was nothing he would not do for him, not only at Oxford, but in many instances in after-life. But, then, genius or very exceptional ability was an indispensable qualification: with the mere plodder who pulled off his "first class" by the sweat of his brow, so to speak, he had little sympathy, and many a man of this calibre has felt keenly the indifference with which he was treated by the Master. Dulness or mediocrity was in his eyes scarcely atoned for by a "double first," while the exclusion of a man of real brilliance from the highest place was to him a matter of very little concern. When Lewis Nettleship was only awarded a "second class" in the Final Classical Schools, Jowett received the intelligence with the contemptuous remark, "H'm; all I can say is that Mr. Nettleship was far more competent to examine the examiners than the examiners were to examine Mr. Nettleship"; while Arnold Toynbee, whose health never allowed him to appear in

any Honor list, he appointed Tutor of Balliol, and at the time of Toynbee's death was promoting his election to a Fellowship. Jowett's friendship for Arnold Toynbee was wholly admirable. As Lord Milner has told us in his charming monograph, Toynbee came up to Oxford absolutely unknown, entering at Pembroke out of deference to the wishes of a former tutor who had been an alumnus of that college. Shortly after joining Pembroke, which he found by no means congenial, he competed for the Brackenbury Scholarship, which he failed to win, gaining, however, a "proxime accessit." But Jowett, always on the lookout for promising recruits, offered him rooms in the college, which Toynbee gladly accepted, supposing that his migration from Pembroke would only be a matter of form. The Master of Pembroke, however, strongly resented this kind of decoying on the part of the Master of Balliol, and he peremptorily refused Toynbee permission to migrate. Nothing daunted, Jowett suggested an appeal to the Chancellor, who, however, decided in favor of the Master of Pembroke. At this stage an ordinary man would have "thrown up the sponge," but Jowett was indomitable. He carefully examined the statutes, and found that, under the circumstances, Toynbee could take his name off the books of the University, and after the lapse of a year join any college he pleased, his terms of residence still being allowed to count. Jowett, accordingly, advised Toynbee to take this course, promising to admit him to Balliol as a guest during his year of non-membership of the University. Toynbee adopted this advice, and Jowett proved even better than his word. So signal an act of friendship to an unknown and almost untried man was highly creditable to Jowett, whose affection and admiration for Toynbee were steadily maintained to the last. I re-

member dining with Jowett in the early "Eighties," Toynbee being one of the oddly assorted guests, who included Lord and Lady Bath as representing the *haute noblesse* (Lord Bath was an ex-Lord Chamberlain, and had about as much in common with Jowett as Lord Suffield has with, say, Mr. John Morley!), Mr. and Mrs. Goschen, Lord Justice and Lady Bowen, the Bodleian Librarian and his wife, a Balliol Don, and one of those dusky potentates, *in statu pupillari*, who were nearly always represented at the Master's dinners. The evening is memorable to me from a little incident in connection with a now world-famous man, Lord Milner. As Toynbee was leaving, Mr. Goschen called after him and asked if he had seen anything lately of Milner, who had been Toynbee's closest friend at Balliol. Toynbee replied that he had seen him recently, and that he was then writing for "The Pall Mall Gazette," having left the Bar. "Left the Bar?" observed Lord Justice Bowen with incisive suavity; "he was only there one day!" That was, I think, in 1882, and only four years later Milner (whom I think Mr. Goschen at the time of Jowett's dinner had only once seen) was brought into the Treasury as the new Chancellor of the Exchequer's right-hand man, thus gaining the first step towards the great position which he now occupies.

The circumstances connected with this appointment of Mr. Goschen to the Exchequer are, I have always thought, as dramatic as any that have occurred in English politics. The principal actor was, of course, Lord Randolph Churchill, who, intoxicated with his rapid advancement, had resolved to try his strength with no less a personage than the Prime Minister himself. "L'audace, l'audace, toujours l'audace," was his maxim, and for a moment it looked as if the game were going in his favor, when he suddenly played a

card which proved his ruin. That is to say, having, as he thought, reckoned with every contingency, he resigned office, making certain that he was indispensable to the Government, who would be compelled to supplicate him to return on his own terms. But just as the great Liverpool wheat-"cornerer" omitted from his exhaustive calculations one remote area, so it had never occurred to Lord Randolph that a successor to him might be found outside the ranks of the Conservative party. His resignation was accepted, but he only regarded that as a matter of form, and waited, first in surprise, then in something like consternation, for Lord Salisbury's humble petition to him to resume office. Day after day passed and nothing came—not a messenger, not a note, not a syllable of any description. What did it all mean? Could it be possible that he was a "negligible quantity," and that they were going to do without him, after all? A paragraph in "The Times" soon enlightened him. Taking up the paper at breakfast, the announcement met his eye that Mr. Goschen had been offered and accepted the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer, lately resigned by Lord Randolph Churchill. "By God!" he is reported to have said, dropping the newspaper, "I had forgotten Goschen!" But for that historic oversight Lord Milner might never have had his political chance.

Jowett towards the end of his life came perilously near being a Jingo, and though at one time he dabbled in Blackwood's Magazine.

Socialism and posed as the patron of trades-unions and combinations, a certain event in which those methods ran seriously counter to his plans and convenience cured him finally of all tendencies in that direction. This was nothing less than a workman's strike during the erection of the new Balliol buildings, which were under contract to be finished by a certain date, and Jowett, relying on their punctual completion, had fixed the day, and issued invitations to all the great Balliol alumni for the opening ceremony. To his consternation, when the day fixed for completion was approaching, the workmen adopted the form of redress hitherto approved by the Master, and struck to a man. In a moment all his sympathy with the tyrannized employed was sent to the winds. Recanting the gospel of discontent, he vigorously preached that of obedience to obligation, and humble allegiance to the law of contract, and from that day forward regarded the British workman with even less favor than he did the average undergraduate. Take him, however, altogether, he was a truly great man, only disfigured by a futile and an extravagant veneration for the augustly born. It is pitiable to reflect that the almost inspired interpreter of Plato should have demeaned himself by penning two columns of encomium on a ducal nonentity! But such, alas! is too often the attitude of the "aristocracy of Intellect" to the "aristocracy of accident."

Sigma.

TATA.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF JEAN AICARD.

IV. THE INCIDENT IS CLOSED.

The end of Gustave Bonnaud's love-affair completely justified his father—a fact which ought to have ranged the son upon the side of authority; of parental discipline and even of parental coercion. But natural predisposition always determines our choice among the conflicting arguments presented by experience.

In vain did Gustave plead the cause of the dressmaker.

"Have you any proof against her, father?"

"No, my boy, but I know her kind, through and through. I've seen her of course, and more than once, at one of my cousin's where she used to come and sew of an evening. I don't remember anything that she said accurately enough to quote it to you. But I saw her and I heard her, and I took her measure. At your age, I should have gone somewhere else—that's all I have to say. She makes me feel as a bull-dog feels to a tom-cat. She's not my sort, nor, I hope, yours. What is it you see in her, anyhow?"

Then Gustave confessed that he had "promised marriage."

"The devil you have! Well, we shall see!"

Sometime later Etienne announced: "I've made enquiries. You will not marry her."

"But my promise, father! Think of that! Think of your own old-fashioned probity!"

"There's a 'mistaken identity' which vitiates the contract, my son." And he enjoyed a hearty laugh at his own joke.

* Copyright 1906 by The Living Age Company.

"But father, I have given my pledge. I shall be disgraced!" Etienne Bonnaud put on his most obstinate look, but it was in a perfectly quiet voice that he made the surprising response: "I would rather you were."

After a short silence he added, "Disgrace for disgrace I prefer that you should be shamed immediately, and in my way! By my act, if you will!" And he declined to say another word.

Gustave, however, continued, at all hazards, to visit his fair one clandestinely; until presently she became the heroine of a scandal. She was beaten within an inch of her life upon the public street, by a jealous lover whom she had been playing off against a third possible husband.

There was good blood in Father Etienne. Once proved right, he did not care to crow over a prostrate antagonist, and he never mentioned the subject to his son again.

V. MADAME BONNAUD.

In the eyes of Bonnaud his wife possessed the highest of all virtues, passivity. A conservative and a Provençal, he considered it a woman's chief duty to be silent in her husband's presence. A hen should not crow when the rooster is by. This champion of his son's independence—or, rather, this father who was the slave of a son whom he fancied he was guiding—exactcd of his wife, on all occasions, a mute obedience. Nor had he any difficulty in maintaining her subjection, for Mme. Bonnaud belonged to the same school as he, and believed in strict and unconditional obedience. She had the right to offer advice but

never to formulate demands. And as her advice was apt to be good, her husband, being a sensible man, used to follow it, without abrogating his supremacy. It has never been proved that this form of family government is the worst possible, or that any improvement on it was effected by the advent of feminism, which was then about to dawn upon the world in company with the doctrine of the St. Simonians.

Bonnaud, the citizen of a seaport-town, used to prove the validity of his claims by help of a local simile:—"Two captains on board a vessel mean bad sailing and ship-wreck at the end. But when in peril the captain will of course consult the chief-mate and the rest of the ship's officers, and then he will decide as he thinks best."

Mme. Bonnaud was quite of his mind, and did not even realize that Bonnaud, in doing as he "thought best" generally did what she desired. In short she was both a superior woman and a lovable creature, one's ideal of a wife and mother. Her invisible, all but unconscious influence, animated, inspired, supported the father.

Their servant, who was a woman of ripe years, never received an order from any one but her mistress; and Bonnaud was always served in exact accordance with desires which his wife was always on the alert to discover. In the evening the lamp stood on the exact corner of the table where he liked to have it, and was lighted at the proper moment. Bonnaud found his slippers ready laid for him when he came in. His spectacles, which he was perpetually losing, invariably returned, in the end, and presented themselves to his hand, and his silver snuff-box was always kept carefully filled. It is of such little things that fireside happiness is made up. Bonnaud would probably have gone every evening of his life to play dominos at the *Café*

des Mille Colonnes had he not found at home the little comforts which combine to make home cosy. As it was, he seldom went out, adored his wife, spoiled his son, and brought up his daughter to respect and obey her father and brother.

"Everything goes smoothly at my house," he would say. "There is just one point upon which they defy me: I have a damp, dark parlor, and they positively will not ventilate it. But then, I shouldn't go into that parlor, even if it were light and warm. And so I indulge my wife in the luxury of her cellar. It needs only a few bottles and spider's-webs, with perhaps a touch of saltpetre."

Little Adèle watched everything with wide, attentive eyes, and imitated her mother's sweet and tender passivity.

Mme. Bonnaud wore ruffled caps which covered her ears, and over her shoulders a silk handkerchief folded in a triangle, and she made no change when she went out of doors. She also did all her reckoning in her head, by needlessly complicated processes, but very quickly and always with perfect accuracy.

Mme. Bonnaud was the best of managers.

And Mme. Bonnaud—an extinct type of old Toulon, of a time already forgotten—Mme. Bonnaud did not know how to read.

Mme. Bonnaud and her husband usually spoke patois with one another. It was the custom of the middle-class at that period. To speak French was the affectation of *parvenus* and excited laughter, if not indignation. Even at the *préfecture maritime*—the Tuilleries of Toulon—they talked patois. It was the age of innocence.

"Hey, Tata! What are you crying about?"

"Because I want to go to the procession, and mama says, no."

"Why so?"

"Because I should have to have a costume, and she says she hasn't the money; but if you buy the things, she says she will make it."

"I'll buy the things, of course, but what's to be your part? Not Mary Magdalen, I hope! You'd have to walk with your arms and legs bare, and you'd take cold."

"I want to go as a Sister of Charity, papa."

"Good! I see no objection. That will do very well."

"But then, there's another thing—"

"What's that?"

"Pierre doesn't want me to go to the procession."

"He may have some reason of his own. Why doesn't he want you to go?"

"He says he'd have to look after me all the time and it would be a nuisance."

Pierre was summoned.

"Yes," he admitted, "I should have to look after her. She is too little. I should have no chance to look at the beautiful windows where there will be draperies hung out, and quantities of flowers."

Adèle sidled up to her brother and whispered in his ear: "I tell you what. If you'll let me go with you, you shall have that pretty rosewood box of mine that you wanted to put your music in."

"She can come if she likes," added Pierre, imperturbably, "but it will be a great bore—I shall be a Capuchin friar."

"Very well. You shall have your costumes."

In those days the Corpus Christi brought gaiety to the old Provencal town in June. All the children wanted to take part in it. A simple faith saw no profanity in these little masquerades. And so it happened that when she was eight Adèle assumed a cos-

tume which she was to wear for a day only but which appeared especially appropriate to the blind devotion of her little Christian soul.

Mme. Bonnaud felt a distinct admiration for the little Sister of Charity, so sweet under her great white coil which looked like an immense butterfly poised upon a flower: but when she saw her beloved Pierre, clad in serge, with a cord about his waist and his pretty feet bare under the crossed latches of his sandals, the pathos of the spectacle fairly made her weep.

VI. "HE WHO STUMBLES BY THE WAY."

Once upon a time there grew in a garden a tree of rare species which was cultivated at great expense. It was freely watered, the soil was carefully spaded up about the stem, the most precious fertilizers were employed, but all to no purpose. Like the barren fig-tree in the Bible, the tree seemed essentially incapable of fructifying. The costly and carefully tended plant yielded neither abundant shade nor perfect flowers, nor speckless fruit.

But a sucker from the root of a dwarf apple-tree hard by, to which nobody paid the slightest heed, quietly profited by the care that had been wasted on its fellow, and became a noble tree, famous in all the countryside for the excellent fruit it bore.

Such was the history of Adèle's education. All that was offered in vain to her brother's ungrateful soul she silently absorbed; and that which failed to make the man's heart sound and tender, made the woman's helpful and good. The indulgent speeches and affectionate counsels which left the boy so cold, had their full effect upon the girl. The very caresses which were lavished upon her brother, while she herself seldom received any, had an infinite charm for her, making her feel all the beauty of love, all the

comfort there is in expressed affection. She was quick both to appreciate the boon, and to regret its absence.

The caress which Bonnaud had ever ready for his son, was a kind of protest against the harshness with which he had himself been treated: yet any one observing his bearing toward his two children would have said that he believed in a different system of training for boys and girls.

Did he love his daughter less than his son? Yes. Enough so to account for the difference between his treatment of Adèle and Pierre? No.

But Pierre was a Bonnaud. In him the Bonnauds were perpetuated: in him the father saw himself beginning a new life. He loved himself in his son: in his daughter he loved only his wife, and this made all the difference. Himself a self-made man, the child of the Revolution, the son of a prosperous artisan, an infatuated admirer of the Emperor, this humble contractor for house-painting and wood carving ("figure-heads of vessels, inside finishings, etc.") dreamed of an heir who should make his obscure name illustrious. He longed for his son to become something great, leader in some line of life. This contractor who had once been a workman had gone up a step or two in the social scale. He wanted to climb still higher. He used to own it frankly in his moments of expansion. But he believed in predestination, both for himself and for his boy, and he was not content to rise by dint of mere manual labor. He did not wish his son to be as other youth. And there, precisely, was the flaw in Gustave Bonnaud's character—his form of aristocratic vice. The *bourgeoisie* has triumphed over the titled classes and now it wants to try on their emblazoned slippers. How much better to adopt their graces of mind and manner, imitate their high bearing, emulate their sense of honor! But

we must make the best of the situation.

A daughter cannot awaken in a father's heart the same pride and the same hopes as a son. Nobody brought Adèle forward: it was Pierre who was made conspicuous. Bonnaud once explained his views on this head. "We should never excite the self-love," said he, "the vanity of young girls. That will take care of itself. They are coquettes by nature. It is our business to try and make them modest."

And for her good, entirely in her own interests, he avoided praising her for the fable perfectly committed to memory, the neat beginning of her piece of embroidery, or her admirable dictation papers. Adèle's modesty did gain by the process; but another would have become jealous and envious when she saw compliments and caresses always falling to the lot of the future *maestro* and of him alone. She, on the contrary, always clapped her little hands with all her might, when the round of applause followed the *Prayer from Moses in Egypt*, which the boy played to his parents and neighbors for two consecutive years. Nay, she caught herself more than once fairly jumping for very joy. She used to say to herself that it was very kind of parents to make so many sacrifices for their sons, and that she was only a little girl and would not look well holding a violin. Her mother said so. When Pierre the self-satisfied secured a triumph, she effaced herself and was proud of him, for him, in him.

At sixteen, Pierre Bonnaud, then at college, overjoyed his father by his substantial triumphs, and convinced the elder man once for all of the justice of his hopes. Pierre gained a prize for composition, and five or six others; to say nothing of the first prize for music. Bonnaud celebrated the event by a great banquet at his house. At dessert the juvenile hero of the occasion

was crowned once more with all his green paper laurels, his prize books were piled up beside him, and his father gave him a gold repeater watch with a heavy chain.

"You are a man now. We have made a man of you. Enter upon your career. In a few months you are to go to Paris, where glory waits you; and your renown will be your mother's reward and mine. Your sister will share our joy. Bravo, my boy! Your future is assured. You will be a great composer, *Maestro Bonnaud*!"

They left the table for the parlor. Amidst general laughter Bonnaud remarked that at that season the dampness of the room was rather pleasant than otherwise. He paused a moment in front of the imposing clock, and calling "his boy's" attention to the pyramid of Cheops and to Bonaparte, "Now-a-days," said he, "every man has a chance to prove himself in some sort an Emperor or a Marshal of France. Every man has in his pocket his conductor's bâton."

Pierre gave a concert. First he played the violin, then took his seat at the piano, where he received such enthusiastic applause that nobody remembered to ask his little sister to play the piece she had learned for that famous occasion.

When all the guests were gone and the family was left alone, in the parlor where Mme. Bonnaud the notable at once put out the candles which blazed in chandelier and candelabra, Bonnaud, quite worn out, dozed for an instant in one of the great arm-chairs. The women maintained a respectful silence. Mme. Bonnaud's eyes were riveted on her son; Adèle's on her brother. They sat in the shadow, Pierre, under the one lamp, looked at his watch, without venturing for a time to make it strike. But at last he resolved to do so.

Père Bonnaud opened his eyes still

heavy with sleep and without remembering that Adèle was present, the good man began to deliver a lecture.

"I have a word to say. There are things which are best said on those important occasions which impress them strongly upon the mind. In the old days, fathers used to give their sons a smart whipping every time a thief was executed. I remember getting one the day Gaspard de Besse was hung. The idea was to fix in our minds a very simple lesson—namely, that theft is a crime. I give you a splendid watch on the day of your first great triumph, and I attach to this watch which you are even now admiring, the memory of this piece of advice: Keep clear of women. They are the best thing: but they are also the worst. There are women who are the enemies of good work. Coquettes have interfered with more than one real vocation, spoiled more than one brilliant future. The Bible says, that the hair and the hands of a woman are chains, and that woman, in short, is as bitter as death. Happy is the man who finds an excellent woman! I have your mother. You have her too. Think of her—before all other women and compare them with her. I know that the mistakes to which a woman drives a man are often excusable because—because—well—because! But this excuse can avail him only once. Don't count too confidently on my forgiveness. It will never fail you, while your honor is untarnished, but,—*let women alone!* There are women who—. Let me tell you—. Your teachers never warn you—. Maybe they are right—. But I am your father, and you are old enough now—."

Here Mme. Bonnaud was seized with a violent fit of coughing.

"Oh, you're there, are you? and coughing in August? Good! It's all the fault of the air in this cellar of yours! I mean your parlor. Your re-

ception days are always sneezing days! Adèle's there too, is she? Well, I've said nothing that is not perfectly true —"

Then Mme. Bonnaud spoke:—"Adèle is going to begin a retreat early to-morrow. Her first communion comes this year. It is late. We'll go to bed." And she carried off her daughter.

Les Annales.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD THATCHED RECTORY AND ITS BIRDS.

The Rectory is a picturesque, comfortable-looking building, of no special architectural pretensions, and of no very great antiquity, but with an atmosphere and a charm of its own which proclaim it, at almost the first glance, to be not so much a house as a home—a home in which it would be a happiness to live, and no bad place to die. Its walls bulge here and there, but they are thick and weather-proof, made to "stay" and of a rich brown brick, weather-tinted and lichen-clad, the product of the clay-beds of Friar Mayne, in the adjoining parish of Knighton.

In front, the house has two wings, running up to high gables and projecting at right angles from the main building, which is also gabled, and they flank a paved open court which leads into the hall. A word first about the interior. Its main feature is the hall, which is of a size and comeliness, with its quaint Jacobean wooden chimney-piece, its richly finished cornices, and its elaborate plaster panellings, such as you would hardly expect to find in a country parsonage. During the years when it was my home, it was crammed with pictures and with china, with curios of every description, with old oak chests filled with toys for children of all ages, with oak chairs and tables, and—most cherished treasure, perhaps,

When "the women" were gone, Bonnaud rose, put his two hands on the shoulders of the tall son who stood facing him and finished his lecture upon the distrust which a young man of sixteen, who goes alone to Paris, should feel for the mutable and deceitful sex.

of all—with an old carved writing-desk of oak, with the date 1630 upon it, at which Wordsworth had written many of his poems. On one wall was an ancestral chiming clock, and near it an organ, which was also hereditary and of rich tone for its kind. There was a rocking-horse which had done good service with three generations of children, and which, prancing as it did, in front of a green iron chest with a double lock and a lid of portentous weight, which contained the baptismal and marriage and burial registers of the rude forefathers of the hamlet from the sixteenth century downwards, and bearing often the same names throughout, seemed to bring the "spacious times of great Elizabeth" into close juxtaposition with those of Queen Victoria. The whole was a medley of treasures which, in their number, their richness, their variety, were typical of the mother's hand which had gathered so many of them together, and of the mother's heart which had given them all a welcome. The front hall door is of glass, and looks westward, across a circular drive, to a thick hedge which hides from view the little stream of the Winterbourne, and the rich meadows of the larger Frome lying immediately beyond. Opposite to this door, on the other side of the hall and looking

over the lawn with its flower-beds, a gently rising field, our playground as children, a railway embankment, and behind it again to "Parsonage Plantation" and "Parsonage Field," was another glass door which offered a tempting and sometimes a fatal short cut to birds which were either too lazy to fly round or over the house, or were in too great a hurry to reach the stream from the garden, or the garden from the stream. A song-thrush and a blackbird often, and once, alas! a kingfisher managed to shoot safely through the open door on one side, only to dash themselves to death against the closed glass door on the other side.

Nearly every room in the house had a character of its own, but on these I must not dwell here. The two staircases were a marked contrast to each other: the front with old oak balusters, with broad and easy steps and landings bidding you "rest and be thankful" upon each, and with room for three or four people to go up abreast; the back stairs narrow and almost pitch-dark, winding round and round from kitchen to attics like those of an ill-lighted church tower, each step different from its neighbor in depth and height, and each, therefore, a pitfall to those who were not to the manner born.

But that which, apart from its personal associations, gave its chief charm to the house as a whole, and that without which I should not be writing of it here and now, was its high-pitched thatched roof. It was this which, with its broad overhanging eaves, with its ridges and its furrows, its snug corners and its sunny basking-places, its gray chimneys and its moss-grown coping-stones, gave abundant shelter to all the birds which most attach themselves to man. "*Ubi aves, ibi angeli*," was a favorite dogma of no less an authority than St. Thomas Aquinas; and if he was right, then the rectory must indeed

have been angel-haunted. It was, of course, the home throughout the year of many, too many perhaps, pert and chirping and irrepressible house-sparrows. The starlings, most sprightly and energetic among birds, used, early in March, to dig out, with perfect impunity, deep holes for themselves, which, later in the year, were occupied by other birds. In the chimneys, as well as in the many outbuildings, the swallows reared their twittering young. The house-martins moulded, with all a plasterer's skill, their architectural nests on the garden side of the house, where a wooden boarding beneath the thatch formed the eave; and, last and best of all, the swifts, those most summerlike of all summer birds, almost the last to arrive, and quite the first to depart of all our summer visitants, and speaking only of the longest and brightest days and the shortest and most balmy of nights, returned thither, year after year, with unvarying fidelity and in almost exactly equal numbers, from the far Soudan, or perhaps the still farther Madagascar or the Cape, and reared their young in exactly the same holes in which they and their ancestors had been reared before them. These and other birds it was mine to welcome and to watch, from very early years, in my home and their home, till they seemed to have become almost a part of the home itself. I could hardly have conceived of the Rectory without them or of them without the Rectory, and, had I heard it in those early years, could have echoed, or perhaps rather have reversed, the saying of Aquinas and put it thus: "*Ubi angeli, ibi aves*."

The surroundings of the Rectory are in perfect keeping with it. Little advantage would it be to have a picturesque centre, if, as is so often the case with the lovely old-world manor-houses which the lapse of centuries has turned into farmhouses, the out-

buildings were of a wholly different type, and were roofed in with a mean and ugly slate, hot in summer and cold in winter, or with that still greater abomination of modern times, corrugated iron. One single outbuilding, thus roofed, jars upon the feelings and mars the effect of the whole, much as one bit of white paper, carelessly dropped, mars, for the moment, all the beauty of a neatly-shaven lawn. The Rectory outbuildings, numerous as they are, and headed by a grand old tithe-barn, of which I shall have something to say hereafter, are all of them thatched, the most beautiful, surely, and most suggestive of all coverings for man, and that which is most characteristic of English rural life and harmonizes best with English scenery. It has its drawbacks, no doubt: it is perishable; it has to pay double insurance duty against fire, and, owing to the agricultural depression which has turned so much land that was arable into pasture, it is not now to be got on many farms at all, and what is to be got on others is much bruised and broken by the threshing machines, which are in such general use. Yet, delightfully warm in winter and cool in summer—the exact opposite of a roof of slate—it gives a sense of comfort, of cosiness, of hospitality, of homeliness, of home to any building which it shelters. It is hardly too much to say that no cottage which is unthatched, whatever its other merits, can well be beautiful; no cottage which is thatched, however humble in itself, can well be altogether ugly. Happily, the thatched cottage still predominates in most of the villages of Dorset, and lingers even in the middle of some of the smaller towns, giving to each an idyllic charm. Nor is it so perishable, and therefore so expensive, as it is often thought. I was struck, last autumn, by a great range of farm buildings on the property of Lord Peel at Eyemouth, near Sandy,

all of them thatched with reed pulled by the hand, which was evidently of considerable age and yet in perfect condition, and all glowing warmly, a sun almost in themselves, beneath the rays of the setting sun. I made inquiries as to their history and age, and Lord Peel tells me that since his tenant came into the farm, some thirty years ago, nothing has been done nor has required to be done to the thatch. It is, the tenant says, as good as it was then, and, in his opinion, reed thatch of that kind lasts from eighty to one hundred years! A striking incidental proof of the duration of even common thatch, and, if I may use the term, of its antiseptic qualities, I owe also to Lord Peel. In the spring of last year (1902), while an old cottage at Ledbury, belonging to Mr. Biddulph, was being stripped of its straw thatch in order to replace it by reed, a brown paper parcel was found deeply imbedded in the roof. It contained a roll of white linen, 25 yards long, which, together with the invoice and a letter dated 1794, had been sent by a firm at Gloucester to a tradesman at Ledbury. The roll of linen was absolutely dry and unspilt, not even spotted by damp, and the covering of brown paper likewise. How it got into such a hiding-place there is nothing to show; but for 110 years the faithful thatch had preserved and concealed the secret intrusted to it.

Thatching is, in truth, a fine art, the finest, I suppose, to which an agricultural laborer can aspire. The fame of "the thatcher," generally an hereditary occupation handed down, in long and jealous succession, from father to son, spreads, if only he be an adept in his art, far beyond his own to all the surrounding villages. A cluster of ricks, his handiwork, marvels of symmetry and neatness, and often set off with fantastically twisted ornaments of straw on the top, are the admiration of

every passer-by. His personality often ranks next after that of the village clerk, the chief of the village hierarchy, and is as marked in its way as that of the gamekeeper, of the mole-catcher, of the "ruddle-man," so well described by Mr. Thomas Hardy in his *Return of the Native*. He is often skilled in folk-lore. He knows the inner character of each house and household better, perhaps, than anyone else; for he has advantages of his own; he can look down upon the inhabitants, observing but often unobserved, from his lofty perch, and can hardly help catching hasty glimpses of them through the windows, as he ascends or descends his inseparable companion, the ladder.

A beauty and interest of its own attaches to every portion of his handiwork, and that, too, at each succeeding stage of its youth, its maturity, its decay. Notice, for instance, the exquisitely neat finish of the roof-ridge, the most critical point of the whole; the geometrical patterns formed by the spars just below, which help, by their grip, to hold it in its place for years; the faultless symmetry of the slopes, the clean-cut edges, the gentle curves of the thatch, heaving, as it were, of its own accord, to canopy the upper windows which rise above the "plate"; and, better still, the embrace which, as with the encircling arms of a mother, it gives to the deep-planted, half-hidden, dormer window in the middle of the roof, nestling lovingly within it, and, by its very look, inviting to peacefulness and repose. Note, too, the change of coloring in the work as time goes on; the rich golden russet tint, beautiful as the locks of Ceres, when the work is just completed; the warm brown of the succeeding years; the emerald green, the symptom of advancing age, when lichens and moss have begun to gather thick upon it; and, "last scene of all, which ends" its

quiet, uneventful "history," when the winds and rain have done their work upon it, the rounded meandering ridges and the sinuous deep-cut furrows which, like the waters of a troubled sea, ruffle its once smooth surface.

Most beautiful of all, perhaps, and not seen to perfection unless some trouble is taken about it, is a newly thatched roof, when, after a heavy April shower, the bright April sun peers down suddenly full upon it. Get a ladder and gaze upward along the slope of the thatch, keeping your eye as close as possible to the bottom. You may get a wetting in the process, but it will not be long, I think, before you try to get so much concentrated beauty into so small a space a second time. Each golden straw-end is glistening with a full round globule of transparent crystal, which lingers lovingly for a moment, then drops, as lovingly, on to the next below, and is instantly succeeded by another of equal size and beauty, coming with invisible trickle from you know not where. Ten thousand flashing pearls, each on its golden sceptre, "gorgeous" as those "showered" by Eastern monarch along with "barbaric gold" on the head of his chosen bride, and ten thousand miniature cascades, with rest in their very motion, motion in their very rest.

And now about the denizens of the thatch, the companions of my youth, and among the most cherished memories of my age. There is little, I suppose, that can be said, which has not been said in some shape or other before, about a class of birds which, by their familiarity with man, have managed to force themselves upon his attention, and have, many of them, received from him a large measure of protection or even affection in return. But no one observer sees quite eye to eye with another. "*Idem non semper idem.*" And first, of the commonest of them all, the bird against which much

may be said that cannot, I fear, be gainsaid, even by the most catholic of bird-lovers, and the bird which I myself am disposed to like least of all, the house-sparrow. Early prejudices are strong, and often inveterate; and I confess to never having got over the prejudice against the house-sparrow produced in me, in very early life, by a toy-book, forcibly and profusely illustrated—though hardly in the style of Caldecott—containing the old nursery ballad of "Who killed Cock Robin?" There, on one page, was the innocent little robin, the favorite of gods and men, the bird which had piously covered the bodies of the Babes in the Wood with leaves, lying dead, his limbs relaxed and stiffening, his bright eye glazed and dull, and a tiny arrow sticking in his orange breast, from which were oozing a few minute drops of crimson blood. And there, on the opposite page, was the vulgar-looking murderer, the fatal bow held aloft in one small claw, bold, brazen-faced, unrepentant, glorying in his deed of shame.

"I," said the Sparrow,
 "With my bow and arrow,
 I killed Cock Robin."

I wonder how many of what we consider to be our maturest convictions rest on, or are colored by, our earliest prejudices!

But even the sparrow has his merits. His activity, his happiness, his friendship for man, and his pert and pushing confidence in him are among them. He is, in consequence, already the most cosmopolitan of all birds. Wherever civilized man goes, or cultivation spreads, the house-sparrow goes with them. Where they do not go, he does not. The cock sparrow of the country side, very different, be it remembered, from his smoke-begrimed brother of the large towns, is comely enough, and, were he not so common, would proba-

bly be admitted to be really handsome. On the other hand, he is noisy, impudent, self-asserting, quarrelsome. His incessant twittering or chirping, with no approach to a song, is wearisome to an extreme. He is destructive, to an incredible degree, of all kinds of grain, fruit, vegetables, especially peas, eating, it is said, many times his own weight in a day, and wasting much more than he eats. He is as quarrelsome as an Irishman at a fair or at a funeral-wake. See a cock sparrow, early in the year, fall suddenly and unprovoked upon another. The moment the loud and angry chirp is raised, every sparrow in the neighborhood rushes to join in the fray. There is no inquiry as to rights or wrongs; no stint, no stay. Everyone is against his neighbor. They go dashing in compact mass, tumbling over each other and over walls, "thorough bush, thorough briar," sometimes rolling headlong in the dust, the din of the conflict and the number of the combatants increasing every moment, for perhaps a couple of minutes, and then it all dies away. They disperse to their several occupations, no one being the better, and no one, apparently, much the worse for it.

What is more serious, the sparrow multiplies at a positively alarming rate; he has three or four broods a year, and five or six young in each. It is not a case, note, of "live and let live." The sparrow-hawk and other of his natural enemies have been killed down, and every new house which is built gives him half a dozen new places in which he may build in safety, and from which it is very difficult to dislodge him. English settlers in America and Australia, naturally anxious, in their exile, for anything which could remind them of the "old country," even for the twitter of the irrepressible house-sparrow, imported him into their new homes. Now they would

be glad to get rid of him; but it is too late. They have multiplied like the Israelites in Egypt, or the Negroes in the United States, till, as in the case of the rabbits in Australia, the land can hardly hold them. Worst count of all, by their greediness and their pugnacity, both there and here, they often succeed in driving away other and more interesting birds. The sweetest songsters, the birds of more retiring disposition or more delicate organization—the nightingale, the blackcap, the garden warbler, the whitethroat, the willow wren—will not stay where sparrows are numerous. The nest is huge, ill-built, unshapely, untidy, with a rough dome made of long wisps of hay or straw, often mixed with bits of paper or tags of wool, and lined with a profusion of feathers in which the speckled eggs are almost lost. But, even here, the sparrow shows her want of taste. Unlike the long-tailed tit, which lines her exquisite nest with a perfect feather-bed of feathers of the daintiest colors, carefully selected from distant parts and of extraordinary softness, the house-sparrow pounces on those she first comes across, generally those from the poultry yard, specially such as an old hen, flying heavily upwards to her perch or roost, drops in large numbers from her unwieldy body. These the nesting sparrow will often catch as they fall, or, taking two or three of them from the ground at once, will often drop one of them before reaching her nest, when another sparrow will intercept it, in her turn, in mid-air and carry it off to her own. Their untidy nests found ample room for themselves in the creepers of the Rectory, the roses, the wisteria, the ivy. Others were built in the pipes, on the slopes of the thatch, or on any irregularities in the walls. The sparrows appropriated also the holes of the starlings after the latter had done with

them. They even, on occasion, took possession of a carefully constructed house-martin's nest and ejected the proper owner. It is said indeed that sometimes the martins will avenge the injury and insult offered to the community by walling up, as a community, the intruder in the nest. I venture to doubt the story, partly because I think, during so many years, I should have seen something of the kind if it had been true, and partly because I doubt the sparrow ever being so fond of her eggs and young, as to cling to them to the death and submit to be slowly immured with them. If you take a sparrow's nest, it shows, after the first minute or two, hardly a symptom of distress, and promptly begins to build another in the very same spot. The sparrow has a "knowledge of the world," and "out of sight," with her, is often "out of mind." I should be sorry indeed if the bird were to be exterminated, but in the interests of other birds as well as of the gardener and of the farmer I should like to see one pair where there are now ten, and ten where there are now a hundred. The difficulty of the matter is that, if you leave one pair unmolested for a single year, it will, with its three broods of six each time, have become ten pairs, and the ten pairs will have become a hundred.

About eight or ten pairs of starlings frequented the Rectory and its out-buildings during the early spring months, and good tenants they were, for though the dilapidations which they left behind were considerable, I think that they paid well for their lodging by their liveliness, by their cheerful song, and by their many fascinating ways. Except for an hour or two in the early morning, and those chiefly when the breeding season is approaching, the starling is the most alert and energetic of birds, scurrying about in every direction in search of

food, always in company with his fellows, and always in a hurry, as though in a race for dear life. Watch a flock of them when they have just alighted in a field of pasture, or, better still, on a newly mown lawn, in which their minute insect prey then most swarms, or where it is most visible. They scamper over it, half running, but using their wings also to help them, and swaying their bodies from side to side, in eager rivalry, leaving much of the ground over which they pass quite unexamined, the hinder portion of the flock often skimming over the heads of those in front, anxious lest they should lose all the tit-bits. Then a sudden whim seizes them and they are off to the next field, before half the enclosure has been, even in appearance, traversed, to scamp their work there in the same headlong fashion.

Now watch a pair of these very same birds on the same lawn in March, or early in April. They have become sedate, serious, thoughtful, thorough; they no longer hurry-scurry over the surface; they take up a position on it, a yard or two apart, and appear to search every inch of ground and every blade of grass, darting their lissom heads and necks to the ground once in every two seconds, and at each movement, presumably, capturing something, till they have made a clean sweep of the insect inhabitants; and then, and not till then, do they move forward for a step or two, and repeat the same careful process. More than this, for an hour or so every day, the male bird, at this season, seems to give himself up to contemplation—to contemplation of the world below him, of the birds flying above or around him, and, most perhaps of all, of his own perfections and those of his mate. Perched upon the highest gable or tallest chimney of the Rectory, or on the bare bough of a tree, but always in the full sight of the immediate neighborhood of the hole he

has selected for his future family, he gives himself up to pure enjoyment. There, pluming himself, lowering and clapping his wings in a way not quite like any other bird, and basking in the morning sun, which positively glitters on his richly burnished feathers, he serenades his mate, or soliloquizes, it may be, about what he did yesterday or is going to do to-day, sometimes in low whistle, sometimes in voluble chatter, dashed forth in a series of jerks or catches. Not without reason has he been called by Mr. Cornish, in his delightful essay, "the English mocking-bird." Other birds, especially some of the finch or crow tribe, when brought under the influence of man, may be trained to pipe tunes or to imitate various sounds made by men or animals; but the starling is the only bird, I believe, which in his wild state systematically sets to work to train himself. He has the true instinct of imitation, and he "practices" singing as assiduously as a girl at school practices on the piano; and practice makes him so far perfect as to enable him to deceive even a well-trained ear. Does a woodpecker, a rather solitary bird, pour forth his joyous laugh from the old group of sycamores at the top of the field? the starling on the house-top will sometimes reproduce his laugh so exactly that you will believe, for the moment, that the woodpecker's mate has taken to the thatch and is answering him from there; and it is the same with the notes of the guinea-fowl, the peewit, the goldfinch, the song-thrush, and even some of the mellowest tones of the blackbird. He is quite a little aviary in himself, and is, moreover, no mean ventriloquist. Very beautiful are the light blue eggs, five in number, which the female bird lays in her scanty nest of straw, and most unmelodious are the loud cries which come from the five throats of the rapidly growing brood, when she visits

them, as she does once in every two or three minutes, with her mouth crammed with insects, but never sufficiently so to still their cravings even for a moment. Happily for the sake of peace and quietness, they soon find their wings and take themselves off to join the noisy flocks of the other young starlings of the year, in the woods.

The starling is the most sociable and gregarious of all birds; not content with his own flock of from one to five hundred in number, with which he consorts for five out of the twelve months in the year, he will often join the flocks of other gregarious birds, such as rooks, jackdaws, or even wood-pigeons. He is on the best of terms, too, with four-footed animals, a flock of sheep or a herd of cows, often pitching on their backs, and indefatigably ridding them of the vermin which infest them, an equal service to the rider and the ridden. He cannot even roost alone, but is not content without thousands or tens of thousands of companions.

Scattered all over the country, but at considerable distances from each other, are their habitual or hereditary roosting-places. Such spots attracted the notice of Pliny, and they have furnished a striking simile to the *Inferno* of Dante. Sometimes the spot chosen is a bed of reeds, which often break, or a bed of withies, which often bend to the ground beneath their weight. More often, as is the case with Bagber Copse, near to Bingham's Melcombe, it is a hazel plantation in the middle of open upland fields. Go there an hour before sunset, and the place is as sombre and silent as the grave; but first one and then another company come dropping in from all points of the compass, increasing in size and frequency as the minutes pass on, some of them of "numbers numberless" and very high in air, as

though coming from a great distance, and gathering others to them, like a rolling snowball, as they make their way onward. They first pitch in the grass-fields around, "making the green one" black. When they rise in a body, it is with the sound of thunder. As they pass over your head, they literally darken the air; and they go through a series of the most intricate evolutions, now in extended line, now in close phalanx, now wheeling round in vast circles, and without so much as one sound from their throats. But, at a signal, given we know not how, they swoop down in a moment into their roosting-bushes and then, for a quarter of an hour or more, each of the myriad throats exerts itself to the utmost in one continuous "charm" or twitter, their vesper hymn, which can be heard at the distance of half a mile, and which I can only compare with the sound of multitudinous waterfalls. At another signal there is a sudden and absolute hush; and then perfect silence ensues till an hour before sunrise next morning, when matins are sung, with the same overpowering force and for the same duration. Then they rise in one vast body, circle round a little, and finally move off, each in his proper flock, to their happy and widely scattered hunting-grounds. The whole is perhaps one of the most interesting sights that birds can give us, within the limits of the British Islands.

The swallow is, with the one exception of the cuckoo, the most eagerly awaited and the most warmly welcomed of all the harbingers of spring, "Have you seen the swallow?" and "Have you heard the cuckoo?" are the two questions which perhaps pass the lips of the laborer, nay, even of the stay-at-home and often unobservant laborer's wife, more frequently than any other, in the interval between the 7th and 17th of April. "Well, John," said the clergyman of Bingham's Mel-

combe, Charles Bingham, many years ago, to his old gardener and groom combined, a man who had never lived away from his native village, eleven miles from any town, and, for that reason, knew all the better the thoughts and ways of the villagers, and whose dialect was "a well of Dorset undefiled"—"Well, John, have you heard the cuckoo yet?" "Gookoo?" replied John. "We do never know now when we shall hear hun." "How's that?" said his master. "Why," was the reply, "they did used to come on Wareham fair day, but now they do come when they be minded." It should be remarked that the bird has somehow recovered his character for conservatism and respect for local institutions, in the mind of the present inhabitants; for though the fair, like other country fairs, notably the much more famous Woodbury Hill fair, has been shorn of much of its importance, if you ask any one of them whether and when they have heard the cuckoo, you are pretty sure to receive the stereotyped answer, "Yes, I heerd hun," or "No, I do 'low we shall heer hun—on Wareham fair day." The same clergyman was one day inquiring after the health of a parishioner who had been ill. The answer was that she was much better, but "did still feel all of a nunnywutch." Concerned and perplexed by so mysterious a phrase and disease, the rector had recourse to his unerring authority, his walking and working dictionary, Old John. "John," he said, "what is a nunnywutch?" "Well, zur," was the reply, "nunnywutch be one of them there words which us poor folks do use that hasn't got no meanin'. When anyone do feel all of a higgledy-like he do say he do feel all of a nunnywutch." *Obscurum per obscurius*. I recommend the word itself and its definition to the attention of the distinguished author of the Dictionary of English Dialects, which is

now in course of coming out. He may not have heard of the one, and he will certainly not be much the wiser for the other.

Both birds, the swallow and the cuckoo, are suggestive of everything that is joyous, and of nothing that is not joyous in Nature, and "the Rectory" was well off for both. A few words first about the cuckoo. You could not come out from either door of the hall, in spring, without hearing him all round you. Long before it was light he often began to "tell his name to all the hills." He often continued to do so till long after it was dark. He was, in the truest sense of the word, "a wandering voice," in the alders by the Winterbourne, in the lime-tree or the group of sycamores in the field, or in "Parsonage Plantation" beyond. I recollect finding in quite early life—always an event and a surprise, even in the annals of an old lover of birds, and this was the first of the kind that I had met with—the egg of a cuckoo in a water-wagtail's nest, built in a large heap of fagots which were stacked in the "barton" at the back of the old tithe-barn.

The questions raised by such a find, and the abnormal, nay, unique instincts of the cuckoo with regard to its eggs and young, are many, and appeal almost as much to the child as to the scientific observer. How comes the cuckoo, a bird of the size of a kestrel hawk, to lay an egg about a sixth of the size of a kestrel's and half the size of a thrush's? Does she feel any pang of motherly anxiety, any twinge of conscience, when she transfers all her responsibilities, as mother and nurse, to a bird of quite a different kind, one with whom she has had no sort of communication—a bird, too, a quarter of her own size: a hedge-sparrow, a robin, a titlark, a reed-warbler, a white-throat? How does she get her egg into the nest, which is often, as in the case

of this particular wagtail, squeezed into a narrow recess, into which it was barely possible that she could make her way, or, again, into a nest which, as in the case of the garden-warbler or the blackcap, is so slender and so slenderly supported that it could not bear her weight even for a moment? Does she, when there is room for such a feat of aerial skill, hover, for a brief space, over the nest, as the swallow will sometimes hover, for a moment, over your head, when you are near its nest, or as a kingfisher will sometimes hover over the stream before he dives for the minnow, and deftly drop her egg into it, or does she lay it elsewhere and carry it delicately to its destined home in her bill or claw? Does the unfortunate foster-mother notice the unauthorized introduction of an egg into her nest, often so unlike in color to her own? Does she realize, when at last she hatches her eggs, that all her own offspring must needs perish, in order that the young intruder may survive? Why does she show no pity for her own callow young, so ruthlessly thrown out, one after the other, from their proper home and left to perish below? Whence comes the self-forgetting devotion which leads the foster-parents to spend and to exhaust all their energies in feeding their overgrown foster-child, which soon become twice as big as themselves, and whence comes to the young interloper that strange instinct which compels it, only a few days after it has been hatched, when it is still sightless and unable to raise its body, to insert itself with enormous labor under the bodies of its foster-brothers or sisters and eject them, one after the other, from the nest, in order to make room for itself? There are few more grotesquely interesting sights in Nature than to watch the young monster, when it has outgrown the nest, and is already bigger than its foster-parents, squat-

ting, as my young cuckoo did, in the middle of the barton, opening its mouth wide enough to swallow the Lilliputian parents themselves, as they ply it with minute insect food, or a little later on, when it has learnt to perch, sitting on the iron railings of the garden, and receiving the same assiduous attentions. That the cuckoo has some local attachments and is not a mere "wandering voice," and that the wagtail does not learn by bitter experience to shirk the duties imposed upon it, is proved, I think, by what happened at Stock House, a few miles from here. Three years running, a pair of wagtails, who haunted the lawn there throughout the year, built their nest in exactly the same spot, hidden by a creeper, on a ledge above the front door of the house; and three years running, a cuckoo, presumably the same bird, laid its egg in the nest, which in due time became a young cuckoo, ejected its brethren, and was reared, with equal prodigality of care, by the foster-parents, in full sight of the windows.

As for the swallows which delight the eye, as much as the cuckoo delights the ear—if we except the proverbial "one swallow that does not make a summer," but appears on or about the first of April only to make an April fool of you, and promptly disappears again to wait for more genial weather—they used to arrive through a long series of years, almost always on the 11th of April. For about a fortnight they would disport themselves, preparing for the more serious business of life, or waiting till food should be more abundant; then, true to their name, two pairs of "chimney" swallows regularly built their nests in a flue in the two biggest chimney-stacks which was never profaned by fire or smoke. Often, when sleeping in one of the attics, you would be roused in early morning by the twit-

tering of the young brood a few feet above your head, or by one of the parent birds which came tumbling down the chimney into the room, and would either promptly escape through the open window, or, allowing itself to be caught, would give you an opportunity of observing at close quarters, before you let it go, the beautiful steel blue of its upper parts, its rich chestnut forehead and gorget, and its little feet and legs, so ill adapted for walking—the one disability which Nature seems to have imposed upon it and its relations—the great length of its wings, and its strongly forked tail.

The nest was always placed a few feet down the chimney and supported on a loose brick or an angle in the brickwork; for the swallow is by no means so skilled an architect as its nearest relative the house-martin. It is a rough structure, formed of minute bits of clay, cemented together, partly by Nature herself at the puddles by the roadside from which the bird may be seen procuring it, partly by the sticky saliva of the bird's own mouth, and strengthened by long untidy straws or bents, which are often left sticking out many inches from the nest. It is a genuine bit of "rough-cast," scantily lined with feathers, and, unlike the martin's nest, open all round. Every outhouse about the place had its pair of swallows; in particular, the coal-hole, a grimy place enough, but selected, for some inscrutable reason year after year, from all the spots accessible to these "birds of the sun" between England and sun-scorched Africa, and from which they always managed to emerge without one speck on their glossy plumage. There were two nests in the tithe-barn, one in the garden-house, and one always in the wood-house, in which I used to keep my tame white and barn owls, though the only access to it, except in broad daylight, was by a little

round hole in the door, too narrow to allow of the birds' entering it, except by deftly drooping and half closing their wings.

No wonder that the swallow has been considered sacred by most, and is the darling of all countries which he visits. There is no need to plead for his protection; his own charms are his all-sufficient defence and passport. What a delight to watch the unwearied and ever-varying evolutions of his flight throughout the live-long summer day, now skimming along the smoothly shaven lawn with open mouth and rapid zigzags to left or right, as some microscopic insect catches his eye, now hovering for a moment over your head, now essaying a longer flight over the fields, darting in and out under the spreading chestnuts or elms or limes, cruising round the grazing or ruminating cattle and luxuriating in the insect life which they attract to themselves, or again accompanying for a mile together a horse as it canters along, now well behind and now well in front of him, feeding, without any apparent effort, on the insect prey which its flying hoof disturbs and spurns. Watch him again, where his food most of all abounds, in the water-meadows, threading, on a spring morning, the sinuous course of a stream or shaving its smooth surface, where it broadens out into a limpid pool or lakelet. See how he sips the nectar as he flies, and, taking his morning bath, will all but dip himself beneath it, ruffling its surface into little ever-expanding circles, till at last, not, I think, because he is tired—he does not seem to know what fatigue is—he will perch on the dead branch of some overhanging tree, between wind and water, and there, for the space of several minutes together, he will first shake off the dewdrops, and then, puffing out his little frame, will delicately preen his bright plum-

age, lifting first one wing and then another high above his body and burying for a moment or two his chestnut head in the cosiest corner beneath it; and then, after pouring forth the ecstasy of his heart in twittering song—one of the most jubilant sounds in nature—will launch off again into his native air.

There is not a stage in his six months' residence with us, or in the growth of the two young families which he rears to maturity during them, which has not some special interest of its own. Notice, as he pitches by a puddle on the roadside, along with his fellows, the martins, "puddling" the clay for his straw-built nest that is to be, how daintily he holds up his long wings and tail lest they too may be "puddled" in the process. Notice, again, how when the mother swallow has tempted her brood to take their first adventurous plunge from the chimney-top on to the ridge of the thatch below, how she returns, every minute or two, to the little row of open mouths and, hovering over them, fills each in turn with food, accompanied by a fond twitter of unselfish maternal love, which is returned with interest by the half-cupboard love of the five little eager throats below. This process it used to be mine to watch through the dormer window of the attic in which I slept, as they were perched on the leads just outside of it, from the distance of a few feet only. The young birds of the year soon gather into little flocks, and these again into larger ones, lining, in common with the martins, now the whole ridge of the thatch and now again the telegraph-wires, which I well remember they seemed to claim as their own, as soon as ever they were first erected, some fifty years ago. The size of the wires exactly suits their little feet, and enables them to dart on or off without impediment, exactly as the spirit

moves them. As autumn advances, the flocks grow in size, covering the wires for many hundred feet together, as if to discuss in concert measures for their approaching departure. Again and again you may see them launch forth from their post of vantage in a vast body and go straight away, till they are out of sight, as though they are "off at last." But they will reappear again and again, till, one damp October morning, you wake up and find that they are really gone, in their life-long pursuit of the summer sun, and you realize what, for six months to come, you will have lost in losing them.

The habits of the house-martin so much resemble, and are so much more easily observed than those of the swallow, that I will say nothing of them here except to point out that they are more fond of man and of his dwellings even than the swallow, following him into the most grimy and thickly populated of towns; that the nests of the small communities in which they live are more closely packed together than those of the birds which live in large communities, the rooks, the black-headed gulls, the gannets, and the sand-martins; that their nests are miracles of architectural and plastering skill, closely adhering to each other as well as to the overhanging eave which forms their common roof; that a second or even a third row of nests is sometimes found attached to those above, and that there are few prettier sights than to observe the martin, steel-blue and brown on its upper parts, pure white beneath, and with its patch of conspicuous white feathers at the base of the tail, clinging on to the outside of its nest, in full view of perhaps a crowded street below, and feeding the little white throats, which, crowded together, protrude through the narrow opening, eager, one would think, as much

for a breath of air as for a particle of food.

But the greatest glory of the thatched rectory-roof was the number of the swifts, the largest, the least common, and, owing to their amazing powers of flight, unequalled by any other bird, except the frigate, far the most interesting of the swallow tribe. Not less than twelve pairs used to build in the roof, and always in the same holes, doubtless identically the same birds in each, though I never proved it to demonstration, as I might have done, by tying small pieces of differently-colored silk to the claws of the old birds which I held, year after year, in my hand, and which I seemed to know and which seemed to know me so well. Few birds attracted the attention of old Gilbert White more than the swift. He chronicled the dates of their arrival and departure; he ascribed the peculiarities of their structure and of the vermin which infest them; he speculated on their love-making and their hibernating. The *Natural History of Selborne* I knew almost by heart when I was a boy of twelve, and I well remember the zest with which I handled the first swift I had ever found in its nest, when it occurred to me that I was treading *longo intervallo* certainly, but still treading in the great naturalist's footsteps. But now, when I come to think of it, it was not exactly treading in his footsteps; for I have grave doubts whether the all-observant Fellow of Oriel ever climbed a tree, or even mounted a ladder, in his life. It was a "bold boy"—a "bold bad boy," he probably thought him—and not the old naturalist himself, who climbed the "beech in Selborne Hanger, though standing on so steep and dizzy a situation," on which a pair of honey-buzzards had built their nest, and who brought down the one egg that was in it. He never dilates upon the beauty or

the charm of the eggs of a bird of prey as you see them lying in the nest, when, after a weary struggle upwards, you are at length able to look *down* at them from above; and that I feel sure he must have done, had he ever seen them therein, for it is one of the crowning joys of the lover of birds. But all that he could do on *terra firma*, and infinitely more than anyone else had ever done before, or has done since, he did. In his eyes—and well indeed is it for our self-appreciation that there are some people who take that view—man was one of the least important and least interesting of animals. The biography of his old tortoise, "Timothy," interested him far more than the biography of "Timothy's" equally noteworthy contemporaries, General Clive and General Wolfe, George Washington and the Earl of Chatham. The fall of Quebec was a matter of less moment in his eyes than the fall of the immemorial raven-tree, to which the mother bird clung so faithfully till she was "whipped down by the twigs and brought dead to the ground."

The swift arrives so late, about the 10th of May, and departs so early, about the 10th of August, that once landed here he has no time to waste, like the swallow or the martin, in looking about him. But how does he get the materials for his nest? He is under strange disabilities in this respect; he can neither perch upon a tree, nor stand upon the ground, nor walk a yard. He can hardly even crawl, and if he once touches the ground by accident, it is a question whether he ever will be able to rise again. The Alpine swift, which builds, it is said, to the number of two hundred in Berne Cathedral, has the difficulty solved for him by the kindly keeper of the tower, who makes it his business to scatter broadcast into the air, during the building season,

feathers and horsehair and bits of paper, which are caught up in mid-air, in eager rivalry, by the swifts careering round, and are promptly carried to their holes. I have watched our native swifts for hours and have never seen them catch a feather in the air or carry it or any other building material into their homes. The nest consists exclusively, I believe, of the *débris* of the thatch in which it is built, or of feathers and other material carried in by other birds who have used the hole before, cemented together into a very rough saucer by the viscous saliva of the bird's own mouth. The nest is always built close to the point of entry, so that there is no laborious crawl, either from it or to it, and the bird can drop down at once from it into mid-air, often all but reaching the ground, and sometimes, I fear, quite reaching it, before she can find her wings. What is still more remarkable—and I have never seen the peculiarity noticed by anyone—the old bird never, under any circumstances, cared to leave her nest, while I was climbing the ladder, to see how it was getting on, but calmly or even callously sat on, allowing herself to be taken out without so much as a flutter of the wings or the faintest effort to escape, and held in my hand while I examined at my leisure her big round eye, able in the middle of her flight, at the rate of a hundred miles an hour, to detect and intercept in its flight an insect which you could only just see with the naked eye, as it came crawling out, still alive, from her huge gaping mouth, crammed with scores of them; the one little white patch on its chin in the middle of its otherwise black-brown plumage; the enormous expanse of wings, looking, when they are spread in flight, like the flukes of an anchor; and the tiny legs unable to support the weight of the bird for a moment on a horizontal surface, but

armed with claws sharp enough to enable it to cling to the smoothest brick or stone wall, while it is feeding its mate or its young in the nest close above.

It is a question still much disputed whether a swift can ever rise from the ground. My own experience in the matter—and I have tried the experiment, not once, but a score of times—is as follows. Drop him from a little height on to the ground, and he will often manage with a sort of rebound to flutter up at once, or place him, when you happen to have found him on the ground, on a rather steep bank where the grass is short, and he will succeed in rising from it; but lay him gently on rough ground or grass and hold your hand over him for a minute, his muscles will become cramped and he will be quite unable to rise, and, if you do not assist him, will crawl along on his belly, till he dies, or becomes a victim of the cat. If, on the other hand, when you have examined him at your leisure, you toss him into the air, he will circle round two or three times at his leisure, and then go back, as if nothing had happened, to the nest from which you have taken him.

What marvellous powers of flight he has! From three o'clock in the morning of a long summer's day till eight or nine at night, the male bird will be on the wing; and in that time, making all allowance for the brief repose he may, perhaps, snatch while he returns at rare intervals, his mouth filled with tiny insects, to feed his mate and the young, he will have covered at least a thousand miles. Sometimes he will sweep along the surface of the grass or of a river, like the swallow, but never dipping as he goes, and then, after a few rapid beats of his wings, will sail forwards for a hundred yards or so, by his mere *momentum*, without any apparent movement of his pinions. Sometimes he will twist and turn from

side to side more like a bat than a bird, and then again, by a few powerful downward strokes, he will mount aloft with his fellows and circle round with them at a height in the air at which his body, with its long sweep of wings, will be hardly visible to the eye, his piercing scream hardly audible to the ear.

But the most joyous and striking scene of all, and that which is associated in my mind most indissolubly with Stafford Rectory, is about half an hour before and after sunset, on a bright summer's evening, when the clouds are radiant as with a glory not of earth. Then, chasing or chased by each other, all the male birds in the little colony sweep round, at what seems to be double their usual speed and with double their usual screams, in circles now much narrower, now much wider, but always having as their centre—for the centre indeed it is to them of all their anxieties, their affections, and their hopes—the thatched roof in which they themselves and their mates, their ancestors and their still unfledged young ones, have been born and bred. Their speed is at the very fastest, and their scream at the very loudest, as they skim along the eaves and dash perilously near to the angles of the house in which their mates are sitting, as though to inquire how they are getting on, and to assure them that out of sight is not out of mind. Sometimes the wife will answer by a reassuring muffled scream from within; and sometimes "nature will out" and she too will dash forth after her husband, and easing her wings and legs, cramped, as they must be, by her long confinement, join for a few minutes the headlong and jubilant rout. Then, as darkness comes on, each bird will sweep with a sudden and sullen thud, heard rather than seen, into its hole, and all is silent and still, for the all too brief summer night.

One sad and strange characteristic of the swallow tribe I must not altogether pass over, the affection of a mother for her young, which is found in all the higher portions of Creation, is the most powerful, the most beautiful—may we not say the most divine?—of all impulses whatsoever. It has less of earth in it than heaven. Under its influence the mother who is naturally timid becomes reckless in her courage, she who is naturally pleasure-loving is overweighted with maternal anxiety, she who was most selfish becomes self-forgetting or even self-annihilating; yet, in the swallow tribe, there is an impulse which is, on occasion, more imperious even than the parental—the impulse of migration. A bird of passage, confined in a cage, will often dash itself to death against the bars when autumn comes; and a pair of swifts, a pair of swallows, a pair of martins, have, once and again, been known, when the hour strikes for their departure, to leave a late brood of callow young to perish in their nest, rather than disobey its mysterious, its inexorable demands.

A few words, in conclusion, about the old tithe-barn. It forms one side of the big stable-yard, where my tame raven "Jacob" used to play his pranks and store up his stolen treasures for his successor. A stable and coach-house have been cut out of it, but it is still one of the biggest buildings in the parish, and looks as though it could still hold a tithe of all the parish produce. The picturesque projection in the middle, under the shelter of which a loaded wagon can take its stand, extended its hospitality to all the birds I have described as haunting the rectory thatch, except the swift. In these modern days, a barn gives shelter only or chiefly to the uncomfortable-looking machinery, steam ploughs and reaping machines, which form the necessary stock-in-trade of

the modern farmer; but, in my day, it was filled to the very rafters with wheat, or straw, or hay, and the dark recess in the topmost corner was the sanctuary of the white owl which I could watch, while it was watching for its prey, as I have described in detail, in the earliest paper of this series.

But the old barn had other uses than the agricultural. Parish memories clustered thick around it. It had celebrated, so I used to hear, the "accession of King George," probably of all the sorry lot of Georges, with equal and unquestioning loyalty; with better reason, the whole parish held high festival in it, "the young still dancing, while the old surveyed," at the accession of Queen Victoria, as it has in later times at her successive jubilees and at the accession of her son. The first missionary meeting which was ever held in the parish was held beneath its rafters. One use to which it was put during the earlier part of the last century was highly illustrative both of the place and time. The bishops, the archdeacons, the clergy of those days were not quite what they are now. A bishop could, without offence, advise the candidates for Ordination to "stick to their studies and not waste their time in visiting their parishioners, so would they be more likely to obtain preferment here and heaven hereafter." The leading object of the archdeacon's visitation in the county of Dorset was supposed to be the friendly interchange among the clergy of their manuscript sermons, each clergyman bringing back with him a stock calculated to last for the next three years, the work—if, indeed, it was the original work—of a neighbor, while he, in his turn conferred a like benefit on someone else. "I'm sure I don't know how it be," said the gardener-and-groom-in-one of one of these clergymen—the counterpart, I suppose, of old John of Bingham's Melcombe—"but

our maister do always seem to get hold of a stock of uncommon dull ones." The parson was, not uncommonly, a sportsman first and a parson afterwards; one who rode well to hounds, and of the type of the famous "Billy Butler" of Frampton, who, on hunting days, used to go to Daily Service with his surplice over his hunting dress, and who, when another young clergyman just ordained, and, as I have the best reason to know, of a very different type, was introduced to him, said, "Pleased to know you, sir; your father and I have been in at the death of over a thousand foxes." But, for all that, they were not a bad sort. "Other times, other manners"; and they had a knowledge of men and manners which has not always been equalled by their much more spiritually-minded successors. They looked well after the temporal interests of their flock, if they sometimes neglected their eternal. They doctored them, made their wills for them, hid their goods for them when they were likely to be seized by the sheriff's officer, and Archdeacon England, the rector of the little parish of which I write, was no exception to the rule. He was a great breeder of horses. What is now the outer kitchen-garden was then covered by a row of stables or sheds, in which the main business of his life was carried on. How he discharged his archidiaconal functions I do not know; but anyhow he was very fond of asking his neighbors to take his Sunday service for him. "England expects every man to do his Duty" was an echo from Trafalgar which reached his little village, and acquired new significance and a double meaning in the minds of his parishioners and of the neighboring clergy. When someone taxed him with the obvious inconsistency between a sermon which he had just heard him preach and his daily practice, he promptly answered, with

shrewd sense, "Don't you do as I do, but do as I tell you." The most sturdy and not the least respectable of the inhabitants of his parish, like those of the surrounding villages, Knighton, Warmwell, Woodsford, Tincleton, were all, on occasion, smugglers. They would work in the fields through a long summer's day; start at dusk for the cliffs of Ringsted or Whitenose, eight or nine miles off; meet, as arranged, the little craft which ran into a creek laden with illicit spirits, and, sometimes after a smart brush with the "Government folk," more often quite unmolested, would return by dawn of day, carrying each of them a keg or two of brandy on his back, and then go to work as if nothing had happened, and they had been sleeping peacefully in their beds all night. Many a story of such brushes or hairbreadth escapes have I heard when a boy from the most adventurous of these smugglers, who had long been transformed into a not overzealous gamekeeper. "Did you ever," I asked him one day, in strict confidence, "cut about or kill any of the Government folk?" "No," was the reply, "but I have helped tie 'em to a post often." It was the romance of their lives. They were not too well off in point of wages, and the archdeacon and parson in one would have had much less perfect sympathy with his archdeaconry and his parishioners than he had, if he had not turned a blind eye to this source of increased income for them. He placed the tithe-barn at their disposal—a queer "benefit of clergy"—and I have been told that scores of kegs of illicit brandy often lay in perfect security beneath innocent-looking heaps of hay or straw, till there was a convenient opportunity for otherwise disposing of them. Sometimes they overflowed even the sanctuary of the tithe-barn, and were stowed in the *sanctum sanctorum* of the church belfry.

What joy it was, when we were children and the day was hopelessly wet, to be allowed to put behind us, for the time, the humdrum of everyday life, and transfer ourselves to the mysterious and awe-inspiring precincts of the barn! No other spot, not even the hayloft, seemed so to fill our childish imaginations. When once the big folding doors were shut, we said good-bye to the outer world; we seemed to be in another world, a world of shadows. Such muffled sounds as managed to reach us from the outside seemed to come as from very far away. Throw yourself down upon your back, you that are "a child of larger growth," on a bright summer afternoon beneath the tall bracken, and, looking up to the blue sky through its greenery, allow yourself to fall into a day-dream. The stems of the bracken will soon and easily transform themselves into a primeval forest of gigantic stature with interlacing branches, and the insect life which swarms among them will fill the place of the birds and climbing animals of the tropics. So was it with us children and the barn. As you lay silent in the soft, sweet-smelling hay, and gave yourself up, as children best will and can, to the influence, the genius, the *religio* of the spot, the limitations of time and space and probability seemed to vanish into air. The rustle of the mouse or rat, coming nearer and nearer, filled you with a half-fascinating awe, as though it were the footfall of some beast of prey in an Indian jungle. The venerable rafters seemed to grow in size in the prevailing gloom, the darkness visible; the roof above it seemed to rise higher and higher, till it loomed on the imagination like the groined arches of some Gothic cathedral, and the yard-long cobwebs of the centuries which depended from it, seemed, like the glowing ashes in a dying fire, to take weird

and ever-varying shapes; now, as it were, of tattered banners, the relics of a hard-fought field; and now again, as the breeze swayed them to and fro, of the nodding plumes of a stately hearse, making its way slowly and si-

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lently towards an open grave. Tempered awe is often dearer to the heart of a child than boisterous merriment, and its pleasurable pains are among the fond regrets of a later, and a sadder, and not always a wiser age.

R. Bosworth Smith.

KISHINEFF—AND AFTER.

What is the Jewish Question? To answer this query we must examine the situation in Russia, the United States of America, and Great Britain.

The massacre of sixty-one prosperous Bessarabian Hebrews reminds Christendom that the Jew, with his eternal claim for justice, is still sitting at the gate. The Kishineff butchery differs in no detail from previous demonstrations of nominal Christianity against a race, physically inferior, but intellectually superior; proudly exclusive, but driven to money-lending as a career. Precedents for Kishineff are to be found in every old country. Signs are not wanting that if something practical is not done by the Powers to settle the Jewish question, the Jewish question may yet settle the Powers. Already their power is that of mediæval Rome.

The situation of the Jews in Russia to-day is almost identical with that which they occupied in England 600 years ago.

English statute law formerly provided that no Jew could enjoy a freehold. Seven hundred Jews were slain in London on the plea that a Jew had forced a Christian to pay him two shillings a week as interest on a loan of twenty shillings. Lord James of Hereford's Money Lenders' Act was anticipated in the thirteenth century by an English law which compelled every Jew lending money on interest

to wear a plate on his breast signifying that he was an usurer, or to quit the realm.

In 1290 nearly 17,000 Jews were banished from England, and other countries quickly followed her example. At the end of the fifteenth century several hundred thousands of Jews were banished from Spain, Portugal, and France, but they were favored in Holland, a country which by their aid prospered commercially until the decay of national ideals during the pursuit of material gain reduced her to the fourth rank of nations. The Jews were subsequently allowed to return to the countries from which they were expelled, but it was not until October 1868 that Spain consented to receive them. In 1650 Cromwell allowed the Jews to return to England, and from that time to the present day Great Britain has experienced the truth of Heine's saying that every country has the Jews it deserves. If England can boast of the best and most enlightened Jewish community in the world it is partly because English freedom and sense of fair play have met with the reward they deserve, and partly because hitherto the Hebrews settled in Great Britain have been too few to raise in a serious form the question that inevitably arises whenever the clever but timid few establish mastery over a muscular but stupid majority.

The pivot of the Jewish question in its modern phase was the partition of Poland. It was then that Russia acquired her Jewish population. Since the ten provinces of Poland were added to the Russian Empire the key to the Jewish problem is to be found on the banks of the Neva, not in London, Berlin, or Washington. During the first half of the last century the Jewish population in Russia was insufficient in numbers to rouse anti-Semitism. Oppressive laws against the Jews were partly suspended, and in 1862, under the Tsar Alexander II., additional political privileges were even granted to the Jews in Russia and in Poland. Persecution of Jews, however, was reported in Rome in 1864, at Bucharest in 1866, while the *Judenhetze*, begotten by Bismarck, opposed by Mommsen, Virchow, and others, and censured by the late Emperor Frederick, was born in Berlin in December 1880. The German anti-Semitic League was formed and a petition was presented to Bismarck to restrict the liberty of the Prussian Jews. Almost immediately afterwards the Jews were severely persecuted at Kieff and at other places in South Russia. So great was the persecution in Prussia that the old Emperor William interfered to stop it.

Following German example a severe restrictive edict against the Jews in Russia was issued in May 1882 but was not fully carried out; their civil disabilities were increased. In 1883, there were violent attacks on the Jews in Presburg in Hungary, where martial law was proclaimed. There were also attacks on Jews at St. Petersburg, Pesth, and Zala Egerszeg. In 1884 Russia appointed a secret commission under the presidency of Count Pahlen to inquire into the condition and rights of the Jews. Count Pahlen was a man of enlightened mind and humane temperament. The recommendations

of the commission were not adopted, and in 1890 the severe edicts of May 1882, long threatened, were fully enforced against the Jews in Russia. The first effect of the enforcement of this edict, generally attributed to Monsieur Pobedonosteff's influence over the late Tsar, was to "round up" all the Jews who had been living in Russia proper and to drive them into the Ghetto of the Fifteen Provinces. This zone or pale was set apart by Russia in 1843 as a place outside which Jews were not allowed to dwell unless exempted by express authority from the operation of the law. This zone of the Fifteen Provinces includes a territory considerably larger than France. The *Nova Vremya* in a recent article inquired: "What more do the Jews want than to live in a territory larger than France?" The answer is simple. The Jews of the pale are only permitted to live in towns, bourgades, and villages set apart for the purpose. They are not allowed to settle on the soil; to buy, own, or cultivate land. The consequence is that the actual space occupied by the Russian Jews, so far from being larger than France, is smaller than the smallest French department. Since 1843 not an inch has been added to the territory set apart for the dwelling-place of the Jews; in the same period the Jewish population has quadrupled. So prolific are the Hebrew subjects of the Tsar that the Jewish population increases more rapidly than the Slavs, and the menace of the Jewish cradle is even more feared in Russia than the military genius of the British War Minister, or the shooting of our Home Squadron.

So great is the pressure of the population upon the means of existence in the pale that of the 600,000 resident Jewish artisans there is not work for more than half of that number. Wages run as low as 4d. a day; and so great is the destitution that many

Jewish families—even the women—do not possess among them one single article of linen or cotton. A wealthy Jewish friend of mine recently founded a laundry in the town of Wilna. He told me that from investigations made into the condition of the Jewish population he found that even the women in many instances had no linen whatever, while as regards the men one shirt would belong to a whole family. There was no Jewish linen to wash, and this not from uncleanly habits but from sheer want. This absence of proper clothing is accompanied by perpetual privation in food. The stamina and power of lasting under adverse circumstances, characteristic of the Semitic race, enables the miserable and impoverished Jewish population of the pale to exist on a diet and to withstand insanitary conditions of life which would destroy the peasant or artisan of Anglo-Saxon stock.

When I visited Berdicheff I saw what seemed to be a city of dreadful night. It is one dead level of gloom, decay, and silence. The neglected streets are almost impassable from waterholes. Ordure lies untouched, festering in the sun or washed by the frequent rains. The very animals are affected by the blight that hangs over the town. The droskies and carts are falling to pieces, the ribs of the horses stand out. Emaciated dogs prowl about in search of food. The trade of the town is unable to afford sustenance to more than a portion of the population. The children are old and sedate; the men in long gabardines are ghoulish. In Berdicheff thirty or forty manufacturers might make a living. The number exceeds 500. Wages run as low as 4d. a day. Broken lattices, unpainted doors, peeling stucco, tell of the lack of hope. The filthy inn reeks with the stench of neglect. The only ray of hope comes from the synagogue

and the doctor. Even the hospitals are converted into engines of oppression. At Homel I saw eighteen men and women suffering and dying together. Cases of cancer, puerperal fever, Bright's disease, meningitis, fracture, amputation, tumor, and fever, lay hustled on dirty cubicles, irrespective of age or sex.

This is the Jewish question.

There are about 5½ millions of Jews in Russia, the majority of whom suffer the pangs of want and misery from inability to earn a livelihood. The sustenance they absorb, though sufficient for life, is insufficient for health. The inability of the Russian Jews to earn a livelihood arises from the pressure of the May Laws which debar them from resorting to the customary avocations of Russian subjects and drive them into channels of commercial enterprise which engender unpopularity and kindle the fires of anti-Semitism.

It is not from innate brutality that the Russian Government herds the Jewish pedlar, money-lender, and artisan into ghettos and restricts him from fishing, tillage, or market-gardening, but because the Russian Government deems itself compelled both by policy and by duty to protect the majority of the Russian population from contact with the astute, temperate, industrious, money-loving Jew. The Russian peasant is a primitive creature. He is religious, faithful, brave, strong, and simple. He succumbs to temptations dangled before him in the shape of loans on terms he does not understand. Debtors in Russia, as elsewhere, are more numerous than the creditors. The law is on the side of the latter, but when men lose their all, an obsession of fury takes hold of them; they "see red" and seek the destruction of the ledger as evidence of the debt, and the murder of the creditor, who is as a rule their physical inferior. Men with

muscle and the sword will not voluntarily pay tribute or come under the heel of the most intellectual race in the world if the physique of the latter is inferior to their own. The Bengali can pass examinations and the Moslem cannot; but if the English left India the Mohammedans would make short work of the money-lending babu.

This is the true origin of the Kishineff massacre. It is not sufficient to speak of anti-Semitism or of innate Russian brutality as its ultimate cause. Young girls were violated, children were murdered, Jewish corpses were eviscerated and stuffed with feathers by men who cared no more for the doctrine of the Jewish religion than for the practice of their own, and they were instigated to their fiendish work by those who hated the Jews for more practical reasons than those of race or creed.

The mere racial difference between the Jew and the Slav is not enough to account for the secular antagonism between them. There is as much difference between the Russian and the denizens of the Khanates as between the Russian and the Jew. But the difference between the latter cuts deeper. It touches the foundation of human society. The Russian does not desire the Jew as his brother-in-law, and the Jew proudly refuses to marry outside of his own community. Other races intermingle. The aloofness of the Jews in Russia is carried to a point which may be understood by Englishmen if they will study the language, the habits, and the customs of the foreign inhabitants of the ghettos which have been already established in our largest cities. One hundred and twenty million Russians will never, while life remains, accept the domination of 6,000,000 Jews, whatever may be the claims of justice or however mournful the wall of humanity. British editors who want facts might note this one.

The Russian case for restriction is accordingly by no means so impractical as we are led to imagine by Jewish writers in the English and American newspapers. If the barriers between the Russian moujik and the Jewish money-lender were thrown down, and the Hebrew subjects of the Tsar were allowed to compete at the Universities, to mingle with the peasantry, and to enjoy all the privileges of Russian citizenship, one of two results would follow. Either every good place in the Empire would be held by a Jew in peace and quiet, and the peasant, by the mortgage of his property, would tamely transfer Russian soil into the hands of the Jewish community; or, the Kishineff massacre would be repeated a hundred times over on a gigantic scale. Ask any administrator with Indian experience which would happen. Rather than share the fate of Holland Russians would sacrifice every Jew in the Empire. This may be sheer wickedness, but it is simple fact. Even in India the two Jews in the Civil Service are never spoken of as "Sahib" by the Moslems—always as Jew.

These are the considerations that compelled Russia to set her face like a flint against the representations of the Lord Mayor of London in 1891, and to regard the contemplated action of President Roosevelt in 1903 as calculated to injure rather than to benefit the Jewish cause.

Having described the position in Russia, we now pass to the United States. Misery in the Jewish pale from economic causes has caused the immigration of 600,000 Jews to New York. Of these no less than 125,000 are voters. The political influence of such a voting mass may be understood by all who are acquainted with the political conditions in America. Within the next ten years, if things go on as they are at present, the misery in

the Russian pale will increase with the population. Jewish immigration to the United States will be augmented, while the birth-rate of the Jewish population in America will still further strengthen the Jewish vote. This vote will be exercised against Russia, and will prevent the establishment of good relations with Russia. Interests that are not necessarily divergent will be made so, and in the Jewish vote and in the American Press controlled by Hebrew capitalists or writers Russia will discover an unrelenting, powerful, determined, and intellectual foe.

In England the situation is somewhat different. When Lord Salisbury's Government came into office in 1895, they introduced into the Queen's Speech of 1896 a promise of legislation for the restriction of the immigration of destitute aliens. A destitute alien is a synonym for a Russian Jew. There are a few undesirable Italian, French, and German immigrants, but the recent Royal Commission was almost entirely engaged in considering the problem of the immigrants under the sway of Holy Russia. Although Lord Salisbury brought in a Bill to restrict destitute alien immigration when he was in opposition, although Mr. Chamberlain promised legislation, although the Conservative Party placed the restriction of destitute alien immigration upon their banner at the 1895 General Election, and although a Bill was promised in the Queen's Speech for 1896, the matter was dropped as completely as though no promises had been made and no grievances existed. Housing reform is impossible in the great cities of England while the immigration of undesirable Russian Jews is allowed to continue. Nevertheless, when the difficulties of the situation dawned upon Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain as soon as legislation was actually contemplated it was dropped. So powerful was the pressure upon the

Government by the Jewish community that the Bill was withdrawn, and after a few years of controversy a Royal Commission was appointed upon which Lord Rothschild is the leading member in position and knowledge of the subject, but he is justly and even passionately interested in preventing anything being done that would destroy the English right of asylum for Russian Jews. Lord Rothschild and the Government are almost convertible terms.

I hold no brief for Russia and have never accepted any favors from Russian officials, but the time has come when serious action must be taken by the civilized world to put an end to these continual scandals of Russian massacres of Jewish money-lenders. If action be not taken the inevitable result will be that there will be something worse than friction with the Jews in England and America. Jews who are guilty and Jews who are innocent will suffer. But England cannot act alone in selfish indifference to Jewish misery.

Modern governments are debt-collecting instruments for creditors. Law has no terrors for the mercantile and money-lending classes. The insurrection at Kishineff was, as I have said, in its origin not a religious or racial outbreak, but an effort on the part of self-indulgent debtors to relieve themselves of the persons of their creditors and the evidence of their debt. This is a process which will not disappear because humane people are shocked with the Tsar. It will be repeated.

The time is ripe for a conference between Russia, England, and America on the whole Jewish question. When that conference takes place it will be found that the only remedy for the evils of undue immigration into this country and undue congestion in Russia is the provision of territory whither the overcrowded Jews can repair to

cultivate the soil and to transact their business in peace and freedom.

It is equally futile to abuse the Jews and to denounce the Russians. The problem must be jointly handled by the Slavs and the English-speaking people, for if a solution is not forthcoming by international arrangement the time is not far distant when the Jewish question will inevitably force itself upon the attention of Christendom in another shape. I have reason to believe that an Anglo-American Conference with Russia, proposed with the simple object of examining the whole question from an international standpoint and of finding a remedy for the horrible suffering of the pale would not be summarily rejected by the Ministers of the Tsar. Why should it be? The self-interest of Russia is deeply engaged in discovering a happier destiny for her Jews. It is even possible that Russia might propose such a conference herself.

The Object of the Conference.—The object of an official or semi-official secret conference on the banks of the Neva, between the representatives of the Washington Cabinet, the Tsar, and Great Britain, would be twofold:

(1) The Jewish question has never been examined except from the standpoint of national interests. I do not refer to literary investigations like the masterly work of Monsieur Leroy-Beaulieu, but to the lack of effort on the part of practical statesmen to seek a remedy for the admitted evil. The first effect of a Conference would be to show that, however brutal, wicked, and indefensible is the conduct of Russia, she has a case, the strength of which is not at present understood in the English-speaking countries. An exact parallel exists in the British Empire in the relations of the zemindars and peasantry of the fighting tribes in Northern India with the babu money-lender.

(2) The second effect of the proposed

Conference would be to show that, however difficult and complex is the problem, its postponement is dangerous to the peace of the world, but that its settlement is practicable if the three nations chiefly concerned will stand together and work together on lines of humanity and justice.

The second resolution of the American B'nai B'rith, dated June 15, 1903, pointed to an International Conference. It is probable, therefore, that the Jews would welcome any *bona fide* effort to discover an international solution for a scandal which is an outrage to Christendom. In such a Conference, however, it could not be expected that Russia would take part if she is to appear as a defendant or in the position of an accused. Hence the Conference should be a secret one, when the Russian Commissioner could set forth the Russian position without damage to the *amour propre* of the nation, which, after all, is more interested in the Jewish question than any of the others.

At first sight it cannot be expected that Russia will take the initiative in asking for such a Conference. But if she were properly approached by the American and British Governments with a proposition for a secret Conference on the subject of the Jewish question, the Report to be published within a reasonable time, there is reason to believe that she would consent, and even invite the Anglo-Saxon Powers to appoint representatives.

The advantage of such a Conference would be:

(1) The admission by Russia that the Kishineff massacre is a matter of international and not local or domestic concern; and,

(2) The interest of the civilized world once concentrated upon the problem of the Russian Jews, the Press of the world, now so largely in the hands of Jews, and the humanitarian feeling

which has so largely replaced dogmatic religion, would prevent the question from again being shelved until a solution has been found.

There is no question whatever as to how the condition of the Russian Jews can be ameliorated, or how the immigration into Britain and the United States may be safely arrested. The provision of more land, the extension of boundaries, the equipment of agricultural colonies, and adequate territory within or adjacent to the dominions of the Tsar, are the same methods by which the lot of the Russian Jews can, and must be, permanently improved. There are no others available.

The transfer of a considerable portion of the population of the Pale to Argentina was contemplated by Baron de Hirsch. His effort was a complete failure. Firstly, the Jews do not understand colonization as the English understand the word; secondly, the Argentine is too far from their homes to attract them; thirdly, no police force can compel wholesale migration; fourthly, the solution of the question is beyond the powers, not only of a private individual, but of a single nation.

The provision of land by Russia is accepted by Russian Jews themselves as the best and only solution of the problem. But Russia has no money to spend for the purpose. Where, then, is money to be obtained?

There are three sources:

(1) There are the Hirsch millions,

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about to be diverted from the original purpose of the donor unless Parliament intervenes; (2) there are the subscriptions of the wealthy Jews throughout the civilized world, who are among the most charitable of mankind; (3) an appeal to Christendom would not fail to produce surprising results if every one who bore the name of Christian were to give a dollar or even a shilling to save the race to which their Founder belonged.

The alternative to holding a Conference by which international action may be begun is rigid exclusion in Great Britain, and the certainty of riot and insurrection against the money-lender and the rents extorted by Jewish landlords.

Nobody can predict the ultimate effect of extended Jewish immigration into the United States, but it is unthinkable that the next ten years of unrestricted inflow, together with the natural increase of the Jewish population of New York, can fail to produce political and social changes of a kind that can only be described as undesirable.

In conclusion it may be urged that, if the three Powers consent to join in the Conference, good may, and harm cannot, result therefrom. The twentieth century cannot adopt the methods of the thirteenth. Allow the matter to drift, and anti-Semitism will take root elsewhere than in Russia.

Arnold White.

A TALE OF OLD LABUAN.

"For I thought the dead had peace,
but it is not so;
To have no peace in the grave, is that
not sad?"—*Maud*.

On two sides of the bay—an elbow of blue water thrust by the sea into the waist of the island—the waves lapped slowly against the tangled roots of mangroves which stood ankle-deep in the black slime. Further inland were low hills smothered in mean forest, the ragged foliage on their crests fretting the skyline. On the third side of the bay the white and blue plaster, with which the Chinese smear the fronts of their shops, gave up their crude tints to the sun-glare, and the squalid town looked like a fungous growth which had fastened itself to the face of the island. Behind it also were low hills, thin jungle, and a pale, uneven horizon.

At the point on the extreme right as you faced the shore a cliff rose from the sea abruptly, like the massive side of a portal the fellow to which was lacking. Through a sparse curtain of tattered greenery patches of red soil showed like the naked flesh of the land. On the summit of this cliff stood a rude stone building, the civil prison of the place; at its feet there was a tiny streak of shining white sand, marking the spot where the beach and the fringe of *casuarina* trees replaced the dingy mangrove-swamps, which cannot face the fury of an open sea.

Before the town half a dozen Chinese junks, with small red flags a-flutter, lay rocking and creaking by the rickety wharves; a few native dug-outs passed to and fro laden with fruit and garden produce; and a quarter of a mile from the shore the white bulk of a British man-o'-war squatted on the

green waters with all the ponderous shapelessness of a toad.

In the captain's cabin aft four men sat at luncheon. Through one of the great square ports, unoccupied now by the big blunt-nosed gun which, in time of strife, it was designed to accommodate, a few islands covered with forest—long smears of hazy black upon the face of the sun-lit sea—were visible, and beyond them an irregular blue line, mixing with the clouds and surmounting a low smudge of dim gray-green, marked the coast and the nearest mountain chain of the mainland of Borneo.

The captain of the man-o'-war and his first lieutenant were dressed in cool white uniforms; their guests, the Governor of the island and Walter Tracy who, with a doctor and a few native understrappers, made up the entire civil service of the colony, wore riding-breeches, and neat khaki tunics. A couple of Chinese servants passed to and fro waiting upon the Europeans.

"Well, we shall always have a very pleasant recollection of our stay here, anyway," said the captain. "We have all had a capital time of it, thanks to you, and shall be sorry when we turn our backs upon you this afternoon. All the same, I must say that I should not, for choice, select Labuan for my permanent home."

The Governor laughed. "I don't fancy that that is a selection which anyone would make of his own free will," he said. "Tracy and I are good little boys who go where we are bidden, and do what we are told, and as a reward we are, like good little boys, given our bread and butter, and ever so little a scrape of jam with it. That is what keeps us here, that and the

magnificent prospect of some day being transferred to a hole on the West Coast of Africa, or some equally delightful place, where we may extend our experience by sampling another kind of fever."

"Talking of fever," said the captain, "I hope that you will tell Mrs. Tracy how very disappointed we are not to have seen her here to-day. I trust that she is better?"

"Thank you," answered Tracy. "She was a trifle better when I left her, but until we drain the swamps round the town the place will never be really healthy. The site chosen was about the worst that could have been hit upon."

"And draining costs money," said the Governor. "Our death-rate is a good deal better than it used to be in the beginning of things, and it has never approached the magnificent figures of the West Coast, but all the same it is capable of improvement without a doubt."

"Whatever can have induced the British Government to plant a colony in such an unlikely place as this?" asked the captain. "It was a desert island in those days, wasn't it?"

"Yes," replied the Governor. "It was uninhabited and uninviting, but great things were hoped of it. The first Rajah of Sarawak was mainly responsible. He thought that it would grow into a second Singapore, and with the example of Sir Stamford Raffles' success before his eyes, he was dazzled by his dreams of what Labuan might become. There is coal of sorts on the island; the harbor, as you see, is a good one; and the mainland of northern Borneo was an unknown quantity in those days, which, for aught they knew to the contrary, might possess all the wealth of the world. It was a chance, and as such worth taking; but it has been a pretty bad break from the first. Very few

ships call here; we produce nothing; and the people of the mainland are mostly Mâruts, an unpleasant race of homicidal maniacs, who are possessed by a passion for owning other folks' skulls and bones. Therefore the prospects of Labuan ended where they began—in a dream. You have only to look at the island to see that its aeon-long rest should never have been broken, that it has now fallen fast asleep again, and that it is never going to wake up for a second time."

"Labuan isn't asleep. It's dead, dead and beginning to putrify! Can't you smell it?" said Tracy grimly, as a whiff of fouled air came from the swamps.

"Have another B. and S.," said the captain, with some vague idea of comforting the youngster, with whose depression he sympathized heartily. It must be a truly awful thing, he thought, to be chained for years to the corpse of this lifeless colony!

"No, thank you," said Tracy. "We have a hot ride in the sun before us, and one has to be careful in this delightful country. There isn't any point in filling the graveyards quicker than we can help. As it is, headstones would be about our biggest article of import, if we ran to such luxuries."

"If I were going to be buried in Labuan, I shouldn't care about such frills as headstones," said the first lieutenant. "But I think I should ask my pals to keep a certain amount of earth over me, and to scare away the wild swine."

"What do you mean?" asked the Governor, whose face had suddenly become very grave.

"Oh, nothing—only when I was riding past the cemetery this morning it struck me that things were a trifle slack, don't you know; but I suppose it can't be helped in a place where there are so many funerals. All the

same, I should prefer a deeper grave myself."

"Let us change the subject," said the Governor abruptly. "Tracy, here, is giving us all a fit of the blues. We are talking as though we were the keepers of a Morgue."

So the conversation drifted off into other and more cheerful channels: tales of places beyond the narrow seas which gird Labuan around, and jests about the men who lived there; talk of home, and stubble and covert, and good days spent in the land of lands to which the exile's heart sets constantly; and so the time slipped by, and the hour came for departure. The Governor walked past his guard of marines, bade farewell to his hosts, and followed by Tracy went down the ladder into his gig. In silence the two men rowed ashore, and as they went the pipe of the boatswain sounded on board the ship and the rattle of the anchor-chain filled the quiet bay with rude noise. After landing on the wharf the Governor and Tracy stood for a few moments watching the ship get under way. The younger man looked at the big screws churning up the waters at her stern as she began to sweep seawards, and his eyes were filled with a kind of angry despair, for in her going he saw the snapping of yet another of the woefully few links that still bound him and his to the life that lay beyond the limits of the narrow island world. A deeper sense of isolation and loneliness, and a pang of acute nostalgia smote him anew with the force of blows, not for himself—he was case-hardened, inured to exile, he did not matter—but for the little ailing wife whom an incredible selfishness had doomed to a lifetime of this dreary banishment. What right had he had to ask any girl to share with him such a lot as this? It seemed to him that he laid upon the shoulders of the woman he loved a burden too

heavy to be borne, that he had robbed her of all that made existence worth having, and in exchange had given her nothing—only his own worthless self. And now her very health was being filched from her to complete the sacrifice! She must leave him, she must go home. He knew how she would resist the mere notion of it, but he shut his lips firmly. Labuan was no place for a woman. They must postpone their married life until a cold-blooded Government saw fit to move him to some more congenial spot. And when would that be? Never, perhaps; not for years, certainly.

The voice of the Governor broke in upon his melancholy reverie.

"Did you hear what that man said about the cemetery?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said Tracy.

"Well, I want you to ride up there with me before you go home."

"Do you think that anything is wrong, sir?"

"I think all manner of things, but we'll talk about that when we get there. You are new to this place, and do not yet know all the charming habits of the gentle Mûrut. Come along."

They walked to the end of the pier, and mounted their sturdy Borneo ponies, little flea-bitten roans which had the air of being all head and feet. The two men cantered through the town, and up the long avenue which cuts inland towards the heart of the island, passing the white gates of Government House, and so to the flat hill at the back of all things upon which the European burial-ground is situated.

There are few things more sad in all the world than these out-of-the-way graveyards of Asia, in which such of our folk as have dropped out of the ranks of the Empire's foremost skirmishing line are laid to rest. Trim white posts and rails fence them in,

symbols of the narrow life that killed the sleepers; the rank, crudely-colored grasses grow with a horrible luxuriance that defies all attempts at decency and neatness; the pitiless sunglare smites down upon those comfortless resting-places, cracking the dry earth till it gapes hideously through a thousand parched mouths; the abomination of utter desolation reigns here supreme.

From these woeful spots no poet could draw gentle inspiration, such as might spring from the contemplation of quiet God's acres in the dear Home country, for about them there is no air of peace, no restful, holy calm whereof the sadness is so chastened that it only serves to hallow and make beautiful: instead there is a sense of ugly banishment even in the grave, of exposure to the cruel sunglare, a nerve-torturing feeling of discomfort and unrest. Looking upon these melancholy places a man needs no imagination to set him wondering whether the uncared-for dead can find any peace amid surroundings which harrow with their ugly melancholy even the most callous of the living.

As they neared the cemetery gate, the Governor's pony shied half across the road at some white object in the grass by the wayside. His rider dismounted and hitched him to a tree, and Tracy, after following suit, turned towards his Chief, and saw him bending over the thing which had startled the pony.

"Look here," said the Governor.

Peeping over his senior's shoulder, Tracy saw lying in the grass the thigh-bone of a man, to which some discolored fragments of flesh and muscle still adhered. An abominable reek sickened the hot air.

"What is the meaning of it?" asked Tracy. Unconsciously he dropped his voice to a whisper, and spoke as men speak in the presence of the dead.

"Mûruts," said the Governor laconi-

cally, and as he turned away and entered the burial-ground, he cursed bitterly through his set teeth. The desecration of the dead of one's own race by people of an inferior breed is ever a terrible thing to behold, and it has the power to stir up strange tumults of passion in a white man's heart.

Within the cemetery fence all was confusion—a shapeless, empty excavation occupied the place where the most recent gravemound had been; around it were piles of earth, heaps of broken glass bottles, the rotting planks of a coffin that had been torn roughly asunder, to which fragments of the black cloth that had covered it clung like foul fungi; and strewn hither and thither were the bones of a human being.

"It is poor Faber," said the Governor, naming an officer who had died of the island fever some six weeks earlier. He pointed to an object lying in the rank grass behind the over-turned wooden cross that had marked the head of the grave. It was a part of the dead man's backbone, to which some of the ribs were still attached—thin yellow-green hoops, discolored and unsightly, that obtruded themselves upon the sight beneath a cloud of noisy flies.

Tracy looked for an instant, and turned away choking and coughing. "Great God!" he cried, and his words were broken by a sob. "What devils, what devils!"

"See," said the Governor. "I made them put a thick layer of broken bottles above him, hoping that that would keep him safe, but it has been no sort of use. The Mûruts must have lifted them off bit by bit till they got at the bones, and they have scattered him broadcast, broadcast!"

Tracy, quite unmanned, sat down on a neighboring grave, with his back to the horror, and the Governor strode

over to him and laid a kind hand upon the young fellow's shoulder.

"Buck up," he said. "I want you to go down to the hospital and find Jenkins for me. Only a doctor can tell us what bones are missing, though the skull has gone, of course. Don't trouble to come back here; there is nothing that you can do. Take my advice, go straight home after you have found Jenkins, and drink a strong B. and S., it will help to pull you together."

"Thank you, sir," said Tracy. He rose stiffly, and walked towards his pony, stepping cautiously lest he should unwittingly spurn some part of what had been the body of a friend, and keeping his eyes averted from the terrible things that lay strewn about his path. In this distant land, Death was a fearful spectre that grinned at the exiles constantly—imminent, triumphant, threatening. The thought of it haunted men waking, and pursued them in their dreams. The horror of dying out here in obscure banishment, dying like rats in holes, was an ever-present dread; but if death were to be followed by nameless outrages such as had been perpetrated upon the body of poor Faber, it became in an instant doubly hideous, doubly terrible.

So thought Walter Tracy, as he galloped towards the hospital, and again a feeling of desperation seized him, wringing him with a pain that was all the more keen because it was suffered not for himself, but for another. If *she* were to die out here, and to be buried in that awful place! The green earth about him turned hazy and reeling as he looked at it through the sun-glare.

The Governor seated himself upon a grave, and lighted his pipe. The futility of the task which had been set him, the administration of this worthless island with its obscure past, its hopeless future, and its ugly present,

smote him with deep depression. If he could have felt that any good were likely to come of all this suffering and sacrifice, he could have borne it cheerfully, but the conviction that he and his fellows were wasting some precious years of life, were risking health and happiness to no purpose, made him resentful and melancholy. His energetic nature was cramped by this life of enforced inaction, his spirits were weighed down to the earth by the dead monotony of the island, which was broken only by such acts of savagery as this outrage on the dead. Among his fellows it was part of his duty to keep a brave face, and to hearten up those who lacked his strength. Now that he was alone, alone with the dead, he threw his arms aloft in a passionate gesture, and broke out in the bitterest of all human cries:—

"Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, There is a man child conceived. Let that day be darkness: let not God regard it from above, neither let the light shine upon it. Why died I not from the womb? For now should I have lain still and been quiet, I should have slept: then had I been at rest! As it is," he grumbled, "it does not promise much stillness or quiet or rest if one is to be buried in Labuan!" He bit hard upon the mouth-piece of his pipe, and broke the amber short off in his teeth.

"Damn!" he said mechanically. "What a poor plucked one I am to whine like this! It will be all the same, I suppose, a hundred years hence!"

His evil hour was upon him, and he fought it out doggedly and alone, with only those scattered bones of the man who had been his friend, and the dreary grave-mounds, for witnesses of his weakness. When Jenkins, the doctor, joined him half an hour later, the Governor was as calm, as resolutely

cheerful, as seemingly callous, and as practical as ever.

II.

The heat of the tropical noontide poured down from the colorless sky, gleaming, hard, pitiless as the tempered blade of a weapon.

The fronds of the cocoanut-trees stiffened and lifted as it parched them; almost every living thing had sought shelter, and the land was profoundly still, wrapped in the heavy, restless silence of pain; the only sound was the occasional trickle of dry soil, as fragments broke off from bank or mound, and slipped downward with a tiny rustle. A few disconsolate crows sat perched upon the trees with gaping beaks, gasping for air. All about the island the sea lay like a sheet of pale blue glass, its surface oily and unrefreshing to the eye. Its horrible, sickly expanse, blindingly refracting the vertical rays, conveyed no suggestion of cooling waters: it was a white-hot floor upon which the island rested, baking agonizingly beneath the white-hot sky.

The shutters of Tracy's little bungalow were close shut. Without, a score or so of tired-looking fruit-trees stood in despondent groups, their branches drooping languidly, albeit the earth about the roots had been recently upturned to stimulate the flow of sluggish sap. Within the bungalow a dull dusk reigned—not the dim religious light which falls so gratefully behind closed blinds on a hot summer's day in England, but a breathless, airless, quivering darkness, split across and across by blinding bars of light wherever a crack in the shutters or a tiny rift in the walls enabled a ray to penetrate. The stifling twilight and the oppressive stillness brought no sense of calm or peace—they did not woo to slumber: rather they created an at-

mosphere of unrest, a painful feeling of divorce from the bare possibility of sleep, a feverish discomfort that set every nerve on edge.

In the airless gloom of the bedroom Pearl Tracy lay stretched upon the bed, with the heavy folds of the mosquito-net looped up unevenly around the canopy above her head. Her cheeks were hollow, and in the centre of each a scarlet patch burned in awful contrast to the pallor of her face. Her lips were parted, and she drew her breath noisily, with a labored monotony of sound that was as the very voice of restlessness. Her wide gray eyes, that in health were wont to be so soft and so changing in their expression, were open to their full extent, hard, gleaming, and fixed in a sightless glare. Her dark hair was plaited in a long tail that lay across her breast. Her form was wasted dreadfully, and her little slender arms showed the stiff lines of the bones, and were swollen into unsightly bosses at wrists and elbows. Once in a while she would essay to move them, and they would lift ever so feebly ere they fell back again on to the sheet. Now and again too her head would roll from side to side upon her pillow, with a motion eloquent of impotence that seeks escape from pain, and at such times she would murmur broken words and sentences, mere fragments of inarticulate complaint, very pitiful to hear.

By the bedside Walter Tracy sat watching her, rising now and then to moisten her parched lips, to arrange her pillow more comfortably with clumsy masculine touch, or to smooth the sheet upon which she lay. He had maintained this watch now unbrokenly for many hours, and his form was bowed with fatigue, his eyes were hollow with misery and sleeplessness, his face was aged and drawn with suffering.

The close atmosphere, the dead unrestful quiet of the room, the dim twilight which yet was powerless to decrease the appalling heat, all preyed upon his nerves, while the sorrow that was gnawing at his heart, his love and pity for his little wife, and the maddening consciousness of his utter impotence to aid or save her, combined to well-nigh unhinge his mind. The power of consecutive thought had deserted him. Again and again trifling, irrelevant memories of his childhood obtruded themselves upon his consciousness, dogged him with inconsequent persistence. Over and over again he dwelt upon the recollection of the days in which he had wooed the stricken girl before him, not with pleasure, but with a horrified surprise at his own monstrous selfishness, for had he not known the sort of life to which marriage with him would condemn her, the sort of death to which his love might doom her, the death which she now was dying here, before his very eyes?

And though this train of thought recurred with merciless reiteration it was interrupted at every turn by all sorts of inconsequences, whose irritating intrusion he was powerless to control. At one moment he would see Pearl's face as it had looked during some tender passage of their love-story; at another the face of a school-comrade, long since forgotten, would come between him and his vision with elfish cruelty. He strained every nerve to concentrate his mind upon the one all-important matter that engaged his thoughts—his own share of responsibility and blame for the tragedy that was robbing him of his darling; but his every effort was futile, and his mind, broken away from all control, stumbled hither and thither in mazes of irrelevancy, and refused to obey his will.

Yet through all he never for an in-

stant lost consciousness of the misery that was overwhelming him, of the still form upon the bed, and of his inability to do aught to relieve Pearl's sufferings. He was tortured by the knowledge that her sick-room lacked everything which in Europe tends to relieve the intensity of discomfort, that the appliances at the disposal of this wretched colony were hopelessly inadequate, that the doctor who tended her was no specialist upon whose genius and intuition he could rely, that even the diet and the drugs supplied were things that a cottage-hospital at home would regard with scant favor, that fate itself was against him, the stars in their courses conspiring to rob him of his love. That the best the circumstances permitted was being done for Pearl was a fact that held no comfort. She was all the world to him, his love, his wife, his darling, and she lay there in torture under his very eyes, and he could do nothing to alleviate her pain, only watch it in impotent agony, cursing himself for a useless brute, and longing for the skill of nurse and doctor, which might have turned the balance in her favor but for the ruthless facts of distance and of time.

These were the thoughts which had borne him company during two whole days and one endless night of watching, and the afternoon of the second day found him wild with rage against all the world, fierce as a trapped beast, hating himself, and filled with a savage fury against fate. Jenkins, the doctor, stole into the room, stumbling clumsily against a bed-side table, for his eyes were blinded from the glare through which he had been riding. He drew a clinical thermometer from its case and took Pearl's temperature. He gazed at the clambering mercury and shook his head ruefully.

"You have given her the medicines?" he asked.

"Of course," whispered Tracy hoarsely.

Jenkins shook his head again, and passed out of the room. Tracy rose and followed him.

"What do you think?" he questioned fiercely.

"The temperature keeps up. The fever does not yield. If only we had some ice!" said the doctor.

Tracy swore aloud. "What in the wide world is the good of talking about if?" he cried. "Man alive, can't you do something?"

"I have been doing all I can, my dear fellow," began the doctor soothingly, but Tracy cut him short.

"And what good have you done?" he asked brutally. "You've tried a lot of useless drugs, and what effect have they had? You have only added to her pain, poor child. O my God! If only I could get a decent doctor and a proper nurse they might save her?"

"My dear Tracy," Jenkins protested. "It is no good blaming me. I have done the best I can for her. I can't give life."

"Of course you can't," said Tracy brokenly. "I beg your pardon. It is not your fault. You did not bring her to this hole of a place. Thank God upon your knees for that!" and he turned and re-entered the sick-room.

The afternoon crept on, and at last a little puff of cooler air from off the sea set the branches of the fruit-trees rustling without the bungalow, and told that the brief coolness of the hour before the dusk had come at last. Tracy rose, and moving stiffly across the room flung the windows wide. A refreshing breath of air in motion fanned his cheek. Pearl stirred upon the bed.

He turned toward her, and saw that her eyes had lost the fixed look that they had worn so long. He bent over her, and very faintly her voice whispered his name. A wild hope sprang

up in his heart, and something in his throat choked him as he stooped and kissed her. Then for a few minutes he busied himself with the thin milk which he tried to induce her to swallow. The fever, as sometimes happens at the very last, had left her, but all too soon even Tracy's scant knowledge told him that the consciousness that had been given to her was but the preface to the long sleep which would have no ending in this life.

He lay down beside her, holding her wasted hands in his strong clasp, and for one priceless hour these two, whom love had bound together, whom death was soon to separate, spoke heart to heart and soul to soul. What each said to each as they lay there, nearer than ever before, in the valley of the shadow of death, is not for alien ears to hearken to, and the secret is one that is locked in the heart of a single human being, an old and lonely man, who all his life since has drawn strength and comfort from the words that then came to him from the lips of a dying girl.

III.

The sun had dipped below the horizon, and the afternoon was waning, when at last Walter Tracy rose from his knees at the bedside of his dead wife, and moved slowly to the window.

He stood there looking out upon the quiet evening landscape, the splendor of the western sky, the cool, melancholy dusk that was stealing up over the land and plunging it in misty shadows, and upon all the familiar things that of a sudden had become strange to his sight. From the direction of the sea came the broken-hearted cries of gulls; nearer at hand little birds, hidden in the foliage, were piping and cheeping sleepily; bats were flitting hither and thither, swift and noiseless

as swallows. The soft breeze that awakes with the twilight was whispering in the branches of the fruit-trees.

Walter Tracy leant against the frame of the long window, inert and listless. The magnitude of the calamity that had befallen him had numbed his faculties. Mechanically he noted the marvellous tints with which the heavens were stained, the sounds that came to his ears, the sights that met his eyes, yet one and all of these things were shrouded in a haze of unreality. He knew that Pearl was dead, that she had gone from him, for ever, that never again would he look upon her living face, listen to her voice, or feel the touch of her little hand upon his arm. This knowledge was beating itself in upon his brain; he was striving to understand it with a painful effort, as though it were some fact that he was trying to commit to memory; yet all the time it was meaningless to him, like some conundrum propounded in a dream, more unreal even than the shadowy landscape upon which his unseeing eyes were fixed.

He was spent and exhausted by grief and long watching. He had not tasted food for many hours; he had had many broken nights of late, and since early in the morning of the previous day he had not closed an eye. From the first he had been agonized by the sight of Pearl's sufferings, of which he had been the impotent witness; he had been haunted by terrible apprehensions; had been driven half mad by despair and misery; had been oppressed by the dread certainty that her illness would surely end in death; had been racked by the knowledge that she might perhaps have been saved had circumstances been other than they were; and had been filled with blind rage against fate and against all mankind. His very soul had been rent and tortured by all these conflict-

ing emotions; and now that his worst fears had been realized, now that his Pearl, his love, had been taken from him for ever, utter exhaustion had deprived him even of the power to feel.

The darkness crept up, obscuring the world, merging all things within and without the bungalow into huge misshapen shadows, and still Walter Tracy leant against the window-frame, numb and dazed, conscious only of a dull ache at his heart, and of a mind that, baffling his efforts to control it, flew ceaselessly from one triviality to another. Yet through this mental haze an idea began to take form—vague and inconsequent, but persistent.

There was some duty to be performed, some act of service to his love that still remained to be done. He was conscious that the thing had been present in his mind since Pearl was first seized by the fever; that it had oppressed him dreadfully; yet now, in maddening fashion, it eluded him. What was it? He asked the question of his weary brain, and fought with almost a physical effort to wring from it an answer. It was something that he knew to be painful, horrible, yet necessary. What was it? What was it?

He turned from the window, and groped his way through the darkness towards the bedside. A white figure standing by the door suddenly made itself seen, and, with all his nerves a-quiver, Tracy jumped aside, his heart beating like a drum. A second later he had recognized the apparition as the white dressing-gown which Pearl had been wont to wear, that now hung on a hook against the door, but the shock which it had given him had set his dulled brain working, had fired a train of thought. He had shied like a horse at the sight of that white object, just as the Governor's horse had shied at—at what? Ah, now he knew!

In an instant he saw in his mind's eye that dismal, unrestful graveyard,

with the yellow soil upturned above a new grave, the pitiless sun-glare beating down upon it, and those awful fragments of poor Faber's dishonored body scattered about among the rank growths. In a flash imagination painted for him a mob of squalid savages routing in the grave with busy fingers, their ghoulis faces eager with hideous excitement; and it was not the corpse of Faber or another with whom they grappled so horribly, but the body of his darling! The impression was so vivid, the horror so intense, that Tracy reeled back against the bedpost as though he had been struck. He turned suddenly giddy, and a great nausea was upon him. It seemed to him that the outrage had actually been committed, and blazing with wrath he uttered a short cry, throwing out his arms wildly.

Then his hand encountered the still, cold hand of his dead wife, and immediately his calmness was restored. The act of desecration had not yet happened, and must not happen. That was the one service that he could still render to his love. The necessity for action, immediate action that called for a sustained physical effort, awoke him from the species of stupor in which he was plunged, and saved, perhaps, his toppling reason. At once he was thinking clearly, consecutively, forming a plan: an instant later he was toiling to put that plan into execution.

Stooping in the darkness to kiss Pearl upon the forehead, he whispered to her to have no fear. Then he passed from the room and out of the bungalow. He groped and stumbled to the tool-house, and selected a large spade and a big native hoe. Then, taking elaborate precautions to avoid noise, he set to work to dig a grave at the root of one of the fruit-trees in his compound. He was weak with want of food, and the sweat poured from

him, but he dug on doggedly. Great blisters rose on his hands, but he did not heed them. Under the stress of the physical toil his mind resumed its wonted clearness. He realized at last all that Pearl's death meant to him. He saw the long empty years stretching away before him, and a great self-pity made the lump rise in his throat, and tears gather to his eyes. But never did he slacken his efforts. The hard work was grateful to him because it was borne for Pearl, because it was the last act of love that he might do for her dear sake.

At the end of a strenuous hour the grave was completed, and Tracy passed into the bungalow and helped himself to a whisky-and-soda. Then he returned to the garden and fell to delving anew. Hour after hour he toiled. No sooner was one grave made at the foot of a fruit-tree than he set to work tearing at the earth about the roots of its nearest neighbor. From time to time he rested a little, and the chill night air smote coldly on his drenched clothing. The palms of his hands were flayed; he groaned as he dug; he toiled like a demon, casting an anxious glance now and again at the eastern horizon. He was working against time—working for Pearl—and he would not allow weariness to overcome him till his allotted task was accomplished.

The third of the small hours had come and gone when at last he straightened his back and looked with satisfaction at the grave which he had just completed. It was the fifteenth. He re-entered the bungalow, bathed himself in the bath-room, changed his clothes, and then made his way to the bedside of his dead wife. Very tenderly he lifted her in his arms, crooning to her as though she still could hear him, and bore her out into the garden, casting about him the while glances of half insane suspicion. He

selected a grave somewhat deeper than its fellows, in the bottom of which he had already placed a sheet.

With great difficulty, and with such clumsy reverence as he could command, he lowered Pearl's body into the pit, clambered down and disposed the limbs carefully, kissed her cold lips again and again, and then reluctantly drew a second sheet over her from head to heel. Next he fell to shovelling in the earth. Ah, how those falling clods hurt him as they fell upon her! How he winced at the sound of their dull impact! But it must be done, it was for her sake—he set his teeth, and dug with furious energy.

At last the grave was filled to the brim, and Tracy, shaken by dry sobs, passed mechanically on to the next, and then the next. In this manner, in less than an hour, he had covered in every one of his excavations, and so cunningly had he worked that there was nothing whereby an observer could distinguish between that which Pearl's body occupied and the others which were empty. To the casual stranger it would have appeared that the soil about the roots of all the fruit-trees had been upturned with a care and energy very unusual in a native gardener, but the secret which was locked in Walter Tracy's bosom was one which not even Mûrut curiosity would be able to discover.

The dawn was breaking grayly when,
Temple Bar.

his heavy task accomplished, Tracy stood bareheaded in the centre of his compound, and read in the wan light the solemn words of the Burial Service. Then, with the daybreak anthem of the birds ringing through the shady grove, he walked back into his empty bungalow. He stumbled to his bedroom, worn out in body and mind, threw himself down upon the sheets, and fell at once into a deep, dreamless sleep. It was not only Pearl Tracy's body, perhaps, which that night of strenuous toil had saved from destruction.

Walter Tracy has fared far since that day, has garnered much honor and fame, such measure of wealth as may fall to the lot of a Colonial civil servant, and a whole comet's-tail of capital letters after his name. Promotion has borne him far away from Labuan to other and happier lands, yet that little sun-baked island, cast away upon the coast of northern Borneo, is more dear to him, I think, than any spot on earth. It is true that its memories haunt him as the scene of the over-shadowing tragedy of his life, but none the less he often revisits in spirit the nameless grave, hidden beneath the shade of the fruit-trees that cluster about an ancient bungalow, the grave the site of which is known to him alone, wherein lies buried very peacefully the treasure of his heart.

Hugh Clifford.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The Macmillans now make definite announcement of Mr. Morley's long-awaited *Life of Mr. Gladstone*. It will occupy three volumes and will rank as the most important production in the field of biography for a long time.

Mr. Samuel Gordon's striking story, "*Shepherd and Sheep*," which was published in *The Living Age* last July, was inadvertently printed without the mark of American copyright. It was copyrighted in the United States as

well as in England and was published in this country by "The Jewish Exponent" of Philadelphia, simultaneously with its publication in Chambers's Journal.

The life of Midhat Pasha, by his son Ali Haydar Midhat Bey, contains so much curious and hitherto unpublished information on the state of the Turkish Empire, and the way in which the provinces are governed, that Mr. Murray has decided to publish the book now, in view of the existing state of affairs in Macedonia.

Tolstoy's works, it is said, have had a wider circulation than those of any living writer. Up to the present time, his books have been printed in forty-five different languages and dialects. His first appreciators were the Greeks: the first Greek translation of his work was published in 1870, and during the following thirty years eighteen Greek translations were printed. In the new Russian bibliography of P. Dragonoff there appeared one hundred and thirty Czech translations, close on a hundred Servian and eighty Bulgarian. Last of all come Portuguese and Roumanian translations.

Father and daughter, have collaborated in the volume entitled "The World's Children" a beautifully illustrated book which the Macmillans announce for fall publication. The text is written by Miss Dorothy Menpes and the pictures, one hundred in number, which embellish it, are the work of her father, Mortimer Menpes. The pictures, moreover, have been reproduced by Miss Maud Menpes, and the illustrations were engraved and printed at the Menpes' press. Children of all sorts and countries and social

conditions are pictured in the volume.

Prof. Napier has found in the Bodleian a fragment (about half) of an eleventh-century Old-English version of the "Capitula" of Theodulf, Bishop of Orleans, who died in 821. It is in the Bodley M.S. 865, and he will print it with the "Rule of Chrodegang" in his volume for the Early English Text Society next year. The same body of scholars has ready for issue part II. of Dr. Furnivall's edition of Robert of Brunne's "Handlyng Synne," A.D. 1303, and William of Wadington's "Manuel des Pechiez," on which it is founded. This part completes the text; but it will be kept back for a few weeks, so that Prof. Bruce's edition of the *Morte Arthur* in eight-line stanzas may go out with it.

A. C. McClurg & Co. have on their list for publication this fall "The Castle of Twilight" by Margaret Horton Potter, author of "Uncanonized", which is described as a romance of feudal days in Brittany; "The Scarlet Banner" the third in the series of historical novels by Felix Dahn, translated from the German by Mary J. Safford,—a story of the time of the overthrow of the Vandal rule in Carthage; "The Star Fairies and Other Tales" a book of stories for young children, by Edith Ogden Harrison; "The Spinner Family" a book about the common spider by Alice Jean Patterson; and a translation by Mrs. E. W. Latimer of "Talks of Napoleon at St. Helena with General Baron Gourgaud" an intimate record of Napoleon's life in exile, to which Lord Rosebery in his recent monograph on Napoleon attached special importance. This is the first translation into English.

A SONG OF REGRET.

How close our souls were once. Your
soul and mine,
That reach towards each other now
in vain,
Once heard the same songs floating
from the stars,
Were like two leaves that knew the
same glad rain.

Our spirits once together watched the
dawn

Break in the silver east and bring
the day,
And knew the same still sadness of
regret

When evening came and took the
light away.

Once every joy I had, until you shared
The joy of it, was void of joy to me.
Once every grief you had, when I had
shared

The pain of it, no longer grief would
be.

But now what unknown tide has broke
the bridge

That held our souls together for a
space?

When we go down to the eternal dark
I think we shall not know each
other's place.

The Pilot.

Ethel Clifford.

IN PRAISE OF RAIN.

The wet earth-smell came to me where
I stood,

The breath of rain, pungent and keen
as wine,

Rich with the incense of the dark,
drenched pine,

Sweet with the sweetness of the wet
peat wood.

And something stirred and quickened
in my blood.

Methought great deeds might spring
to sudden birth,

Born of the rain, and the sweet breath
of Earth—

Wine that Antaeus drank, and found
most good.

Primeval wine! that wakes in us quick
fires,

A vagrant yearning for the wander-
life,

Laughter and longing, and young wide
desires

For distance and great space and clash
of strife.

Who drinks the keen earth-wine, he
needs must call

Antaeus' mother, mother of us all.

E. R. Macaulay.

The Academy.

TWILIGHT.

The old sea here at my door,
The old hills there in the West—
What can a man want more
Till he goes at last to his rest?

I have wandered over the earth;
I have lived in the years gone by.
Now here in the place of my birth,
I wait till 'tis time to die:

To sleep and to take my rest,
The old sea here at my door,
The gray hills there in the West.
What can a man want more?

H. D. Lowry.

Pall Mall Magazine.

INTER SODALES.

Over a pipe the Angel of Conversation
Loosens with glee the tassels of his
purse,

And, in a fine spiritual exaltation,
Hastens, a very spendthrift, to dis-
burse

The coins new minted of imagination.

An amiable, a delicate animation
Informs our thought, and earnest we
rehearse

The sweet old farce of mutual admira-
tion

Over a pipe.

Heard in this hour's delicious divaga-
tion,

How soft the song! the epigram.
how terse!

With what a genius for administration
We rearrange the rambling universe,
And map the course of man's regenera-
tion,

Over a pipe.

W. E. Henley.

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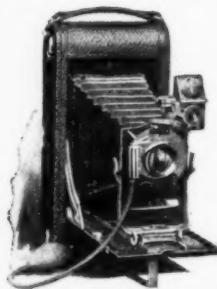
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